

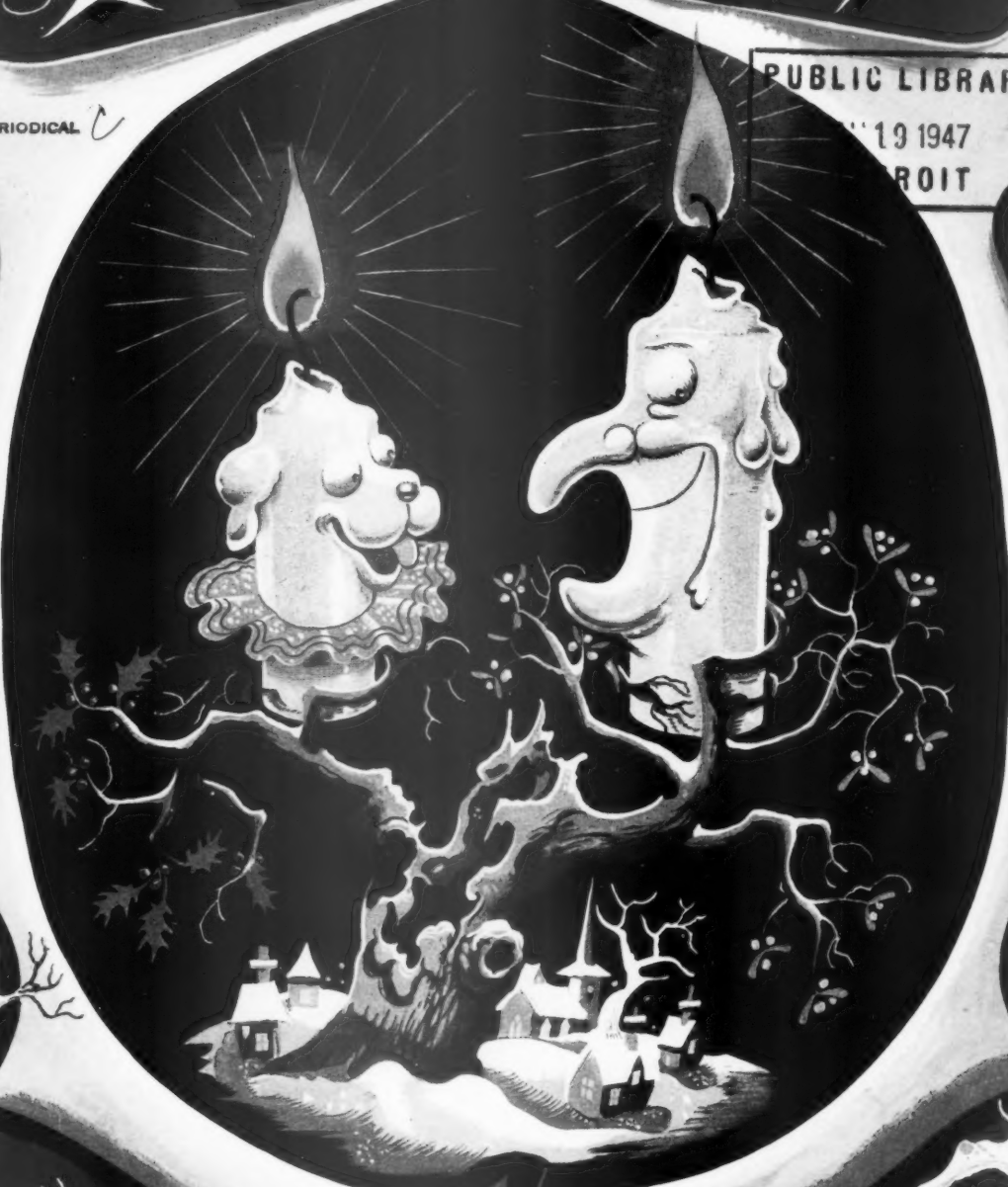
PUNCH

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19 1947

ROIT



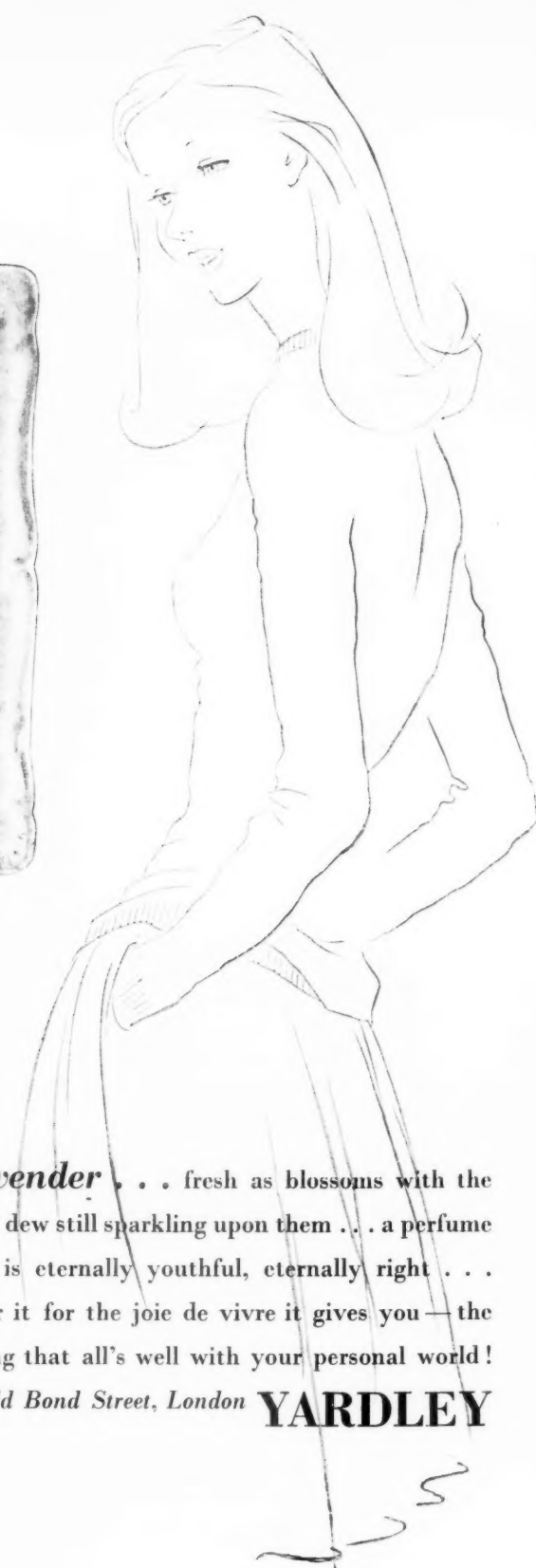
ALMANACK for 1948 *

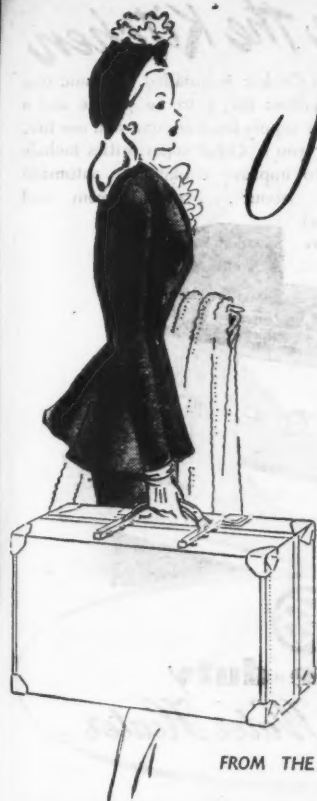
sweet,
deed
own.
are
nited
hem
und.



Lavender . . . fresh as blossoms with the
early dew still sparkling upon them . . . a perfume
that is eternally youthful, eternally right . . .
Wear it for the joie de vivre it gives you—the
feeling that all's well with your personal world!

33 Old Bond Street, London **YARDLEY**





Style

IN LUGGAGE

THE smart clean lines of a Revelation suitcase are appreciated by well-dressed men and women. Revelation adjusts itself to requirements—for a week-end, a week or a month.

It's such a pity so few are available, but your dealer is trying to be fair in distributing his limited supplies.



Revelation

SELF-ADJUSTING SUITCASES

FROM THE RANGE OF REVELATION LUGGAGE

At Stores and Luggage Dealers.

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, W.1. (Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)

WEAR A

Weatherproof Jacket



WINDAK LTD., POYNTON, CHESHIRE

317

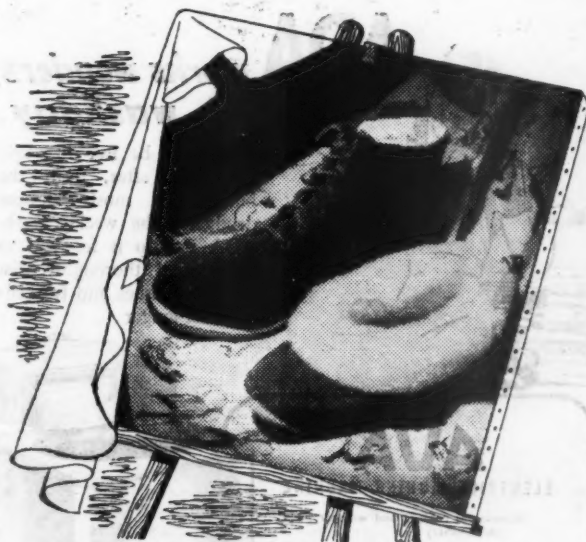


the coat for all occasions

Famous for its cosy-comfort—not too heavy—just right for all outdoor occasions and—secretly—the envy of all her friends.

A few now available in the shops, but look for the label. (Motoluxe rugs, too, as soon as possible).

Wholesale enquiries to the makers, LEE BROTHERS (Overwear) Ltd., Queen St. Works, London, N.W.1. and from MOORE and SOUTHCOTT, 15 St. Portland St., London, W.1.



Still Life...

STILL PRECIOUS

Masterpieces of comfort, Morlands Sheepskin Boots and Slippers—but they are still in limited supply. Don't miss any chance to get yourself a pair.

Morlands
MADE IN ENGLAND
AT GLASTONBURY

Morlands

WOOLLY SHEEPSKIN FOOTWEAR

THE Perfect CHRISTMAS GIFT

—freedom from Cleaning Drudgery

*A Merry Christmas
and a
Hoover New Year*



The latest type
of Hoover—at the
pre-war price!

How excited and pleased she'll be at getting a Hoover Cleaner. Hours of back-aching drudgery saved every week for years to come, better health, greater happiness. It is the World's Best Cleaner! The latest streamlined models—with all modern refinements—are still available at pre-war prices. Ask your Authorised Hoover Dealer to give you a demonstration. There is a model for every size and type of home.

Prices from £10.10.0 to £20.0.0 (plus purchase tax)



The HOOVER

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



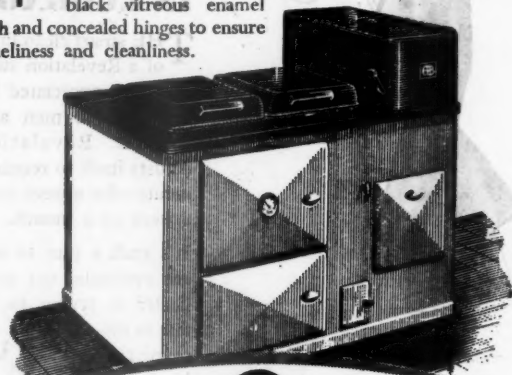
It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

HOOVER LIMITED • PERIVALE • GREENFORD • MIDDLESEX

All's well in the Kitchen



... where an AB Cooker is installed. Round-the-clock cooking facilities for 2 to 20 people and a constant hot water supply from one unit and one fire. That's economy for you! Other superiorities include balanced oven heat to improve cooking... automatic fuel feed to save labour... smart cream and black vitreous enamel finish and concealed hinges to ensure comeliness and cleanliness.



double-duty
Cooker and Water Heater

Inspect an AB Cooker at our Showrooms or write for details to Department D
FEDERATED SALES LTD • 80 GROSVENOR STREET • LONDON W

ADA works wonders on washday

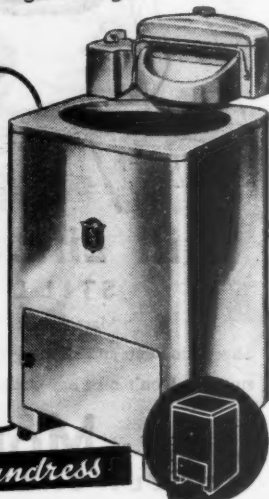


Resolve to be free in 1948, and ever after, from the household's most irksome drudgery, the weekly wash. ADA can do it for you so gently and thoroughly that precious clothes and furnishings last longer

ADA ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

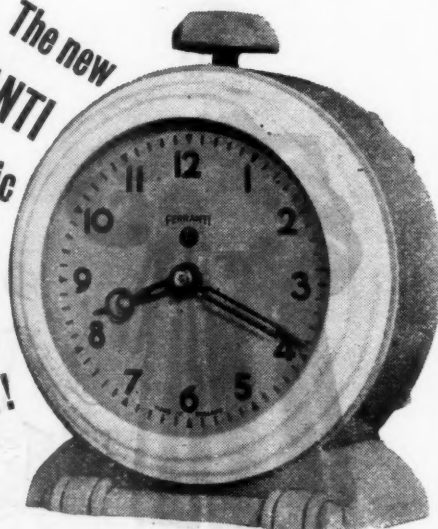
Aluminium cabinet and wringer head (detachable)
Cream enamelled finish
Adjustable pressure screw
Instantaneous action safety knock-off
Overall dimensions (when closed)
22" x 22" x 36"
Economical with soap
Guaranteed for 12 months

Write to-day for illustrated folder and terms to
AJAX DOMESTIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD.
DEPT. "P," HALIFAX, YORKS.



ADA the Home Laundress

The new
FERRANTI
Automatic
Electric
Alarm
Clock!



OPERATES every 24 hours without resetting.
In three plastic colour schemes: Walnut and ivory, pink and ivory, blue and ivory. For A.C. mains 200/250 v.



Electric **FERRANTI** Clocks

FERRANTI LTD. MOSTON MANCHESTER 10; & 36 KINGSWAY LONDON WC2



When you crunch Ryvita,
your reward is twofold. Ryvita's crispness quickens your
appetite, the glands of your mouth and your
digestion. Its delicious flavour puts new enjoyment
into whatever you eat with it.
Rarely is health promoted
in a more delightful way.

Fine, thanks!

I eat crisp
crunchy RYVITA
as my daily bread



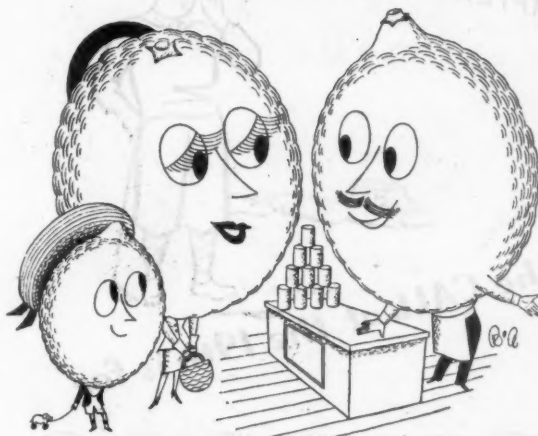
RYVITA



*There's a smile
in every piece!*

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

**Please wait
a little longer -**



**soon your favourite drink
will return**

IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink

*Peaceful
Nights*

IN deep, peaceful sleep,
Nature works her wonders
of restoration, bringing new
strength and energy to your
tired body and a new sense
of well-being to meet the
coming day.

You can do much to ensure
this revitalising sleep by
drinking a cup of delicious
'Ovaltine' every night at
bedtime. Its soothing in-
fluence quickly makes you
receptive to sleep and its
concentrated, easily digested
nourishment helps to build
up brain, nerve and body,
and to make your sleep fully
refreshing and restorative.

Because of its invaluable
contribution to health-giving
sleep 'Ovaltine' is acknow-
ledged to be the world's best
night-cap.



Ovaltine

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 2/4 and 4/-

T. 662A

AFTER THE CALL "FORE!"



the CALL at the 19th is for

**GILBEY'S
GIN**

Masterpieces in Metal



Thomas Tompion, 17th Century English clockmaker, was a master craftsman in metal, unrivalled in his time. The reliability of a "Tompion" testifies to his outstanding skill in high precision engineering.



At Terry's, the home of presswork, spring steel is pressed into intricate shapes by the million with a degree of accuracy which would have been quite impossible even for Tompion, with all his skill. Precision to any pattern or drawing is achieved, whilst special Terry processes for hardening and tempering have set a new standard in durability. Terry's have been solving presswork problems for nearly a century—all this accumulated experience is at your service whenever you may require it.



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HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD REDDITCH
Also at London, Birmingham and Manchester

**TERRY'S for
PRESSWORK**

FAMOUS
FOR SPRINGS
& PRESSWORK
SINCE
1855



ROLLS-ROYCE

are supplied with

**CHAMPION
PLUGS**



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG CO. LTD.

FELTHAM · MIDDLESEX

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD
STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

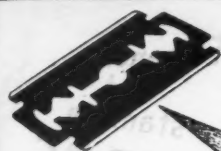
have maintained their
reputation as the best
cigarettes in the world



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES



Export Packing



**The stronger
the edge —
the longer its life!**

A razor blade must be strong if it is to retain its sharpness. Gillette edges have three facets which form a shoulder or buttress — giving strength where an unsupported edge soon breaks down. Because they are both sharp and strong, Gillette blades give you cleaner, smoother shaves — yet reduce shaving costs by longer life.

2/6 FOR 10
INCL. TAX



**'Good Mornings'
begin with Gillette**



MEN'S OVERCOATS

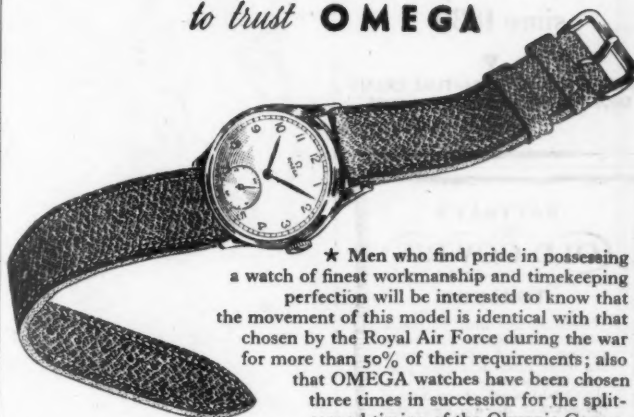
Aquascutum features fine quality coats suitable for all-season wear. Sturdy tweeds and herringbones—fine camel hair and West of England cloth. The selection includes single or double-breasted styles—all generously cut for warmth and comfort.

Aquascutum

100
Regent Street, W.1.

The world has learned

to trust **OMEGA**



★ Men who find pride in possessing a watch of finest workmanship and timekeeping perfection will be interested to know that the movement of this model is identical with that chosen by the Royal Air Force during the war for more than 50% of their requirements; also that OMEGA watches have been chosen three times in succession for the split-second timing of the Olympic Games. Only leading jewellers are entrusted to stock, sell and service OMEGA watches.

MEN'S 9 CT. GOLD WRISTLET OMEGA
Style B90; Movement 30 T2★
Price, including purchase tax, £35



Lasting achievement

Men who respect their feet have a deep appreciation of shoes from Simpsons—with their fine leathers, superb workmanship, friendly fit and lasting comfort. In many town and country styles



Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd

202 Piccadilly London W.1 Regent 2002

Goddard's

makers of fine polishes
since 1839

SILVER POLISHES • FURNITURE CREAM
SHOE POLISHES • BRASS POLISHES

RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO

We are friendly with the postal authorities chiefly because every package we send out—and there are many thousands each year—is very securely packed and clearly addressed. Even during the stress of the war years the packing never varied. It is our special concern to see that every order received before midday is dispatched the same day. The Rattray service is always kept on the same high standard as the tobaccos.



Obtainable only
from

Chas. Rattray

TOBACCO BLENDER

Perth, Scotland
Price 72/- per lb., Post Paid.
Send 12/- for sample 1-lb.
tin, Post Free.

For the loveliest nylons ...



always look for the name

MORLEY

For energy
and
stamina
TUROG
BROWN
BREAD

Hamleys
ESTD 1807
HAMLEY BROTHERS LTD

200-202, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(OUR ONLY ADDRESS)

Still the finest toy shop in the world

Welcome Always -
Keep it Handy
GRANT'S
MORELLA
**Cherry
Brandy**

Over a 100 years' reputation
for quality.



arch
angel

You can't enjoy sports, you can't walk with pleasure, you can't really be well if the arch of your foot is always aching. It is a sign of weakness—induced probably by some slight but painful foot-ailment which has made you walk unnaturally and strained your arch. • Let Scholl's give you advice. They can do so much to relieve and improve the condition of the most difficult feet. Light, flexible Scholl arch supports give tired arches new comfort; Scholl foot aids correct crooked toes, tender heels—and all those painful foot troubles from which people endure so much. We have branches everywhere.

Scholl
foot comfort service

254 REGENT ST. LONDON W1

Scholl foot aids and appliances are obtainable at
Scholl Depots, chemists, shoe-dealers and stores

that ~~Brevitt~~ look

Beware of subtle imitation—the
Bouncer's Brevitt's own creation. Look
for the patent no. 549812



•PRIOR• BOUNCER

SAXONE

for personal shoppers only

BIRMINGHAM • BRISTOL • DUNDEE • EDINBURGH • GLASGOW
GRIMSBY • LEEDS • LEICESTER • LIVERPOOL • MANCHESTER
NEWCASTLE • NOTTINGHAM • ST. ANNES • SHEFFIELD

By Appointment
Bread Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

Huntley & Palmers

*the first name
you think of in*

Biscuits

*Here is your Fortune
my pretty maid!...*



'Close-up' of velvety Montelimart, luscious Strawberry Cream, and smooth sweet Caramel, three of Fortune's favourites—delicious and enticing.



CALEY

TODAY IN BOND STREET



*the demi-
duffle coat—
and...*

ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
EAU DE COLOGNE

*The Eau de Cologne of
finest quality*

MADE BY ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

AEC 166-96



...and, of course,
the secret's a

B.P. Foundation
Corsets, girdles, corselettes and brassieres.



HE'S A
WISE
BIRD

that
advises

PATON'S
Shoe & Boot
LACES

FROM YOUR RETAILER

WM. PATON LTD.,
JOHNSTONE · SCOTLAND

BURMA CHERROOTS

Call of the East

Packed in boxes of 50,
post free
70/-

Imported
direct from
the native makers.



GREENS LTD

Cigar & Wine Merchants

87 & 88 Royal Exchange, London, E.C.3

We also invite enquiries for
British and Jamaica Cigars.



Made of steel with a
hard chrome surface,
the longest possible
life is given to the
cylinder bores.
The chrome surface
has a special oil-
retaining finish
which ensures
maximum resistance
to corrosion
and abrasion.

CROMARD

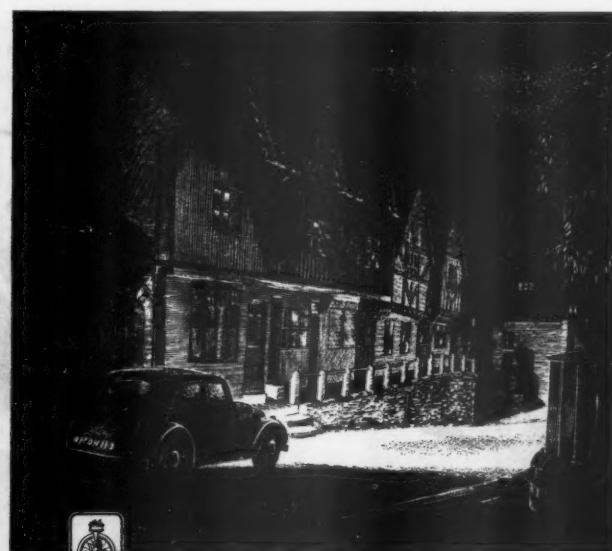
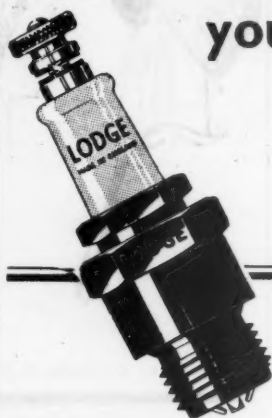
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& Export Markets
Solely by

**THE LAYSTALL
ENGINEERING CO. LTD.**
53, Gt. Suffolk Street,
LONDON, S.E.1.

Also at LIVERPOOL & WEDNESFIELD.

**LODGE
PLUGS**

put "pep" into
your car



LUCAS

Quality

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD · BIRMINGHAM · ENGLAND



MELTONIAN
Shoe Cream will keep your
shoes well polished

Made in white for any shade
of polished leathers, also in
black, four shades of brown,
blue and fashionable colours

In Dumpijars and Handitubes

MANUFACTURERS

OF

BRIGHT STEEL BARS

THE

HALESOWEN STEEL

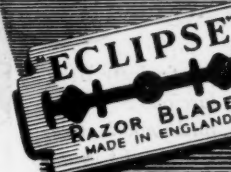
CO. LTD.

HALESOWEN, NR. BIRMINGHAM.

64 VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

8 CHATHAM ST.
MANCHESTER 1.

*Start
the day
smoothly*



Price 3' each

Obtainable only from Retailers.
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

£206



LIGHTNESS is essential in travel goods—and Antler has always led in this respect—but to combine it with strength takes the skill and experience of Antler workmanship. Unmistakable, too, is the beauty of line, finish and quality of Antler travel goods; yet you'll be surprised how inexpensive they can be.

ANTLER

The most distinguished name in Travel Goods

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM 3

Henry Cotton

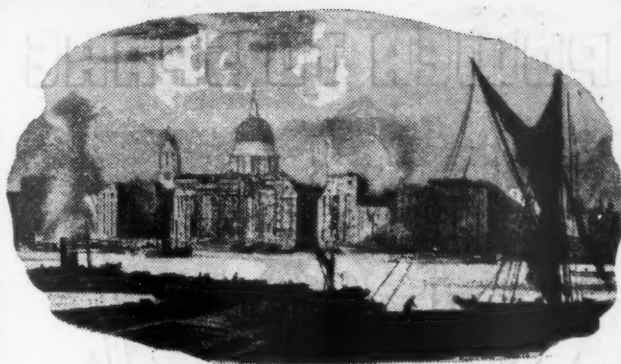
himself
designed and recommends

LOTUS



Made for those who prefer rubber soles, Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

Edgegrip Shoes for Golf



St. Paul's, London

CITIES IN WHICH WE SERVE

LONDON. The name is not Roman but Celtic. Boadicea sacked the city in A.D. 61 and killed all the inhabitants. But London as usual could take it and began again. Londoners bought peace with Canute for £10,500 in the 11th century, and made Henry Fitz Ailwyn the first mayor in 1193. Later London grew larger and larger. Regent Street inspired by the Prince Regent was built by John Nash in 1813-16 as a royal drive from Carlton House to Regents Park. This famous street was re-built in the nineteen-twenties, but men have been clothed and re-clothed at Austin Reeds since 1910.

There are Austin Reed shops in London, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Coventry, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Sheffield and Southampton.

JUST A PART OF THE AUSTIN REED SERVICE

'Second to None'

GREYS

CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness
tobacco

Plain or cork-tipped
'Greys' will always appeal
to those smokers who ask
of a cigarette that it shall
be pleasant and satisfying.



Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

POWER TO SPARE



OLDHAM & SON LTD · DENTON · MANCHESTER Tel: Denton 2431. Est. 1865
 London: Derbyshire Hse., St. Chad's St., W.C.1. Depots: London, B'ham, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin



Summer heat or winter cold cannot affect paths and drives surfaced with COLAS. Easy to apply, quick to set, COLAS produces a smooth, dust-free surface which will last for years without attention. Skilled labour or special equipment are not needed—a gardener can do the whole job, or our agents will submit, free of charge, estimates for carrying out work by contract if desired.

Reproduced by courtesy of
 Howard Baker, Esq.

Specify

COLAS
 EMULSION

Colas Products, Ltd., 5-6 Crosby Sq.,
 London, E.C.3. Phone: Popesgrove 6265

You don't hear
 flying men
 asking for 'PLUGS'—

THE WORD IS

K.L.G



K.L.G. CORUNDITE SPARKING PLUGS

K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Limited, Cricklewood Works, London, NW2

Jaguar

Distinctive even in the most distinguished company, the Jaguar enjoys universal approval. Each of the three saloon models, on 1½, 2½ and 3½ litre chassis, is a full 5-seater car of high performance, with luxurious appointments and many modern refinements.



MORETON OLD HALL, NEAR CONGLETON, CHESHIRE. Property of the National Trust, a 16th Century moated building. One of the most perfect specimens of the "black and white" style in the country.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

SMOKING NEWS!



READ HOW RONSONOL
—THE DE-ODORISED
LIGHTER FUEL—GIVES
YOU 4 BIG ADVANTAGES!

1. Won't spoil flavour of cigarette, pipe or cigar.
2. Makes your lighter leap into life.
3. Burns clean — keeps your lighter spotless.
4. No unpleasant smell in pocket or handbag.



REFILL WITH
RONSONOL
THE INSTANT FLASH
LIGHTER FUEL

Your tobacconist sells Ronsonol in big, easy-pour bottles that fill the average lighter 76 times for 1/6d. Specially refined for RONSON — makers of the world's greatest lighter. For lighter perfection use Ronsonol with Ronson flints. S.O.S! Do please return your empty Ronsonol bottles to your tobacconist.



*4 3/4 an ounce
in Fine Cut or
Double Broad Cut*

In a changing world the sheer goodness of this wonderfully satisfying tobacco remains constant. Today, as in 1788, it is cool, fragrant and of outstanding character.

**CRAVEN
MIXTURE
TOBACCO**

"It is
a Tobacco
to live for" — Sir James Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine"



Always
SMART

Always
DISTINCTIVE

There's no mistaking the smooth neckline—the neatness and trimness afforded by "Van Heusen."
Unfortunately these famous collars are still rather scarce, but we are doing our best to increase supplies.

"VAN HEUSEN"

Regd Trade Mark

The Collar of Quality



HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD
King's House, Haymarket, S.W.1



REGD.

MOCCASIN
Shoes



What do you look for in a shoe? If you look first for the MOCCASIN trademark, you will find the other things you want; good looks, good leather, good workmanship. It saves a lot of shoe-leather to make straight for the shops that display the Indian's head!



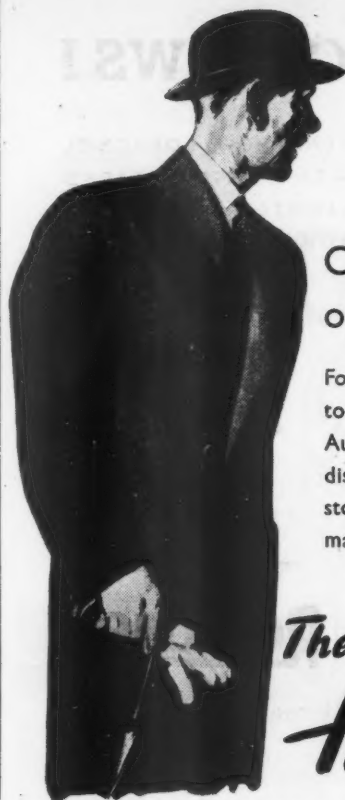
12-13 ST. GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 7441

BACK THEY COME**ONE BY ONE**

As Hallowe'en is an occasion for joyous celebration, so is the return, one by one, of Heinz '57 Varieties.' Sometimes they are not easy to obtain — for such appetising favourites are asked for by more people more often than ever before. Your regular retailer is your most likely source of supply.

HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

ALREADY ABOUT: Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Salad Cream, Mayonnaise, Soups, Sandwich Spread, Pickles, Vinegar, Olives, Vegetable Salad, and Strained Food for Babies.

**Coats of Distinction**

For men who are accustomed to fine clothes. Our Autumn and Winter coats, distinctively tailored, are stocked in a wide range of materials, patterns and sizes.

The Man's Shop
HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

SLOane 1234

LONDON SW 1

**British - Canadian Arctic Expedition 1936-1941**

25th Nov. '46.

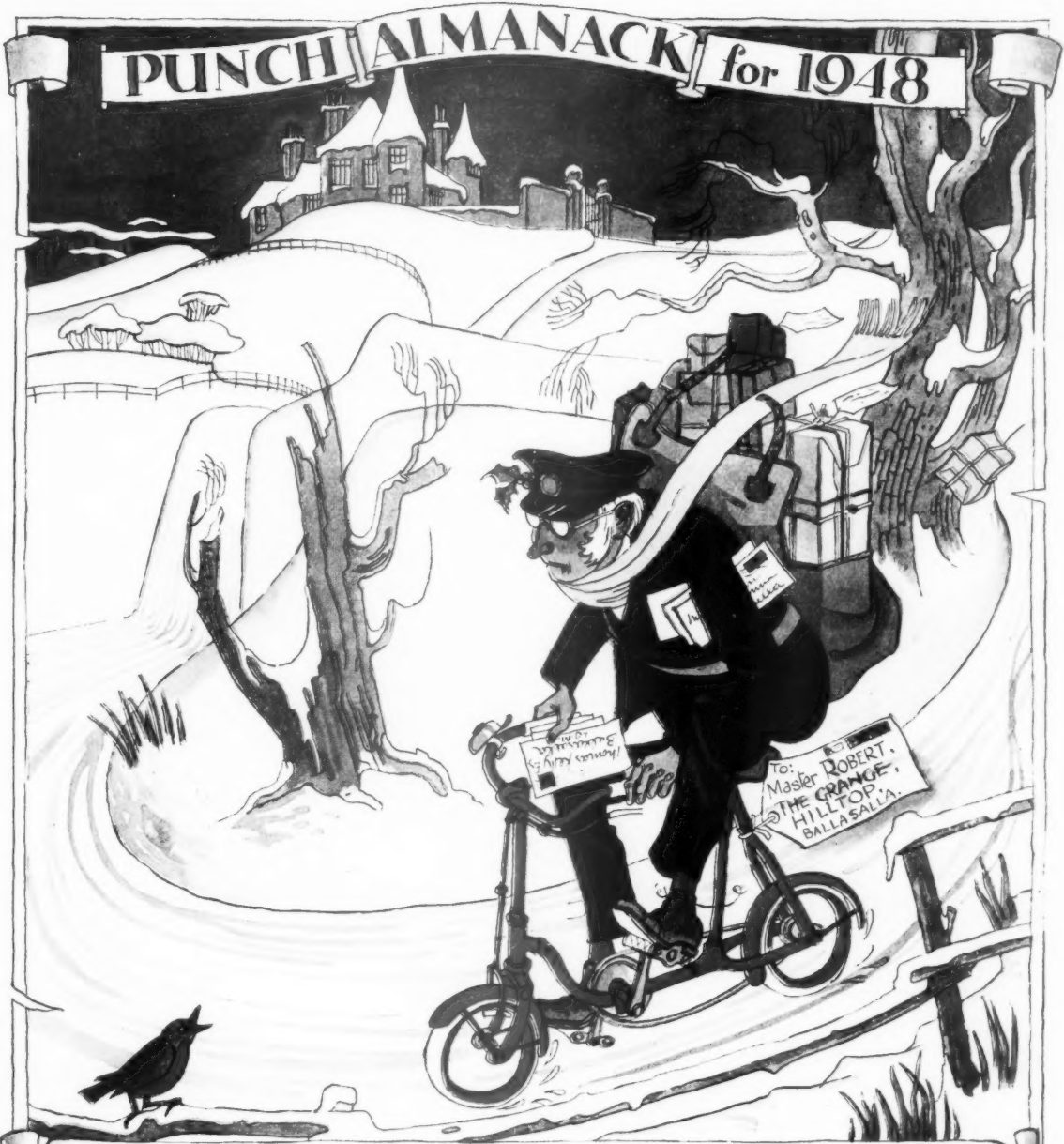
"I did not leave the Arctic until 1941. . . I believe, however, that while I was in the North, I wrote to say how much all the members of the Expedition had enjoyed your Tobacco and how well it retained its quality even after the Tins had been soaked for some time in sea water. . . A short while ago I went through some boxes containing Expedition Effects (returned from Baffin Island) that had been

"stored in Montreal since 1941. In one of them were a few tins of Barneys supplied to us in 1936. In spite of the 4½ years in the Arctic and six hot Montreal summers, it appears to be in excellent condition, and I thought you might like to sample the two tins I am sending to you. T. H. Manning, Leader."

The original letter can be inspected on request. . . Those returned tins opened out in perfect condition.

Barneys

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full). 4/1d. oz. 295



January		February		March		April		May		June	
S	4. 11. 18. 25	S	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	S	7. 14. 21. 28	S	4. 11. 18. 25	S	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S	6. 13. 20. 27
M	5. 12. 19. 26	M	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	M	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	M	5. 12. 19. 26	M	3. 10. 17. 24. 31	M	7. 14. 21. 28
Tu	6. 13. 20. 27	Tu	3. 10. 17. 24	Tu	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Tu	6. 13. 20. 27	Tu	4. 11. 18. 25	Tu	1. 8. 15. 22. 29
W	7. 14. 21. 28	W	4. 11. 18. 25	W	3. 10. 17. 24. 31	W	7. 14. 21. 28	W	5. 12. 19. 26	W	2. 9. 16. 23. 30
Th	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Th	5. 12. 19. 26	Th	4. 11. 18. 25	Th	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Th	6. 13. 20. 27	Th	3. 10. 17. 24
F	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	F	6. 13. 20. 27	F	5. 12. 19. 26	F	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	F	7. 14. 21. 28	F	4. 11. 18. 25
S	3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S	7. 14. 21. 28	S	6. 13. 20. 27	S	3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	S	5. 12. 19. 26
July		August		September		October		November		December	
S	4. 11. 18. 25	S	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	S	5. 12. 19. 26	S	3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S	7. 14. 21. 28	S	5. 12. 19. 26
M	5. 12. 19. 26	M	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	M	6. 13. 20. 27	M	4. 11. 18. 25	M	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	M	6. 13. 20. 27
Tu	6. 13. 20. 27	Tu	3. 10. 17. 24. 31	Tu	7. 14. 21. 28	Tu	5. 12. 19. 26	Tu	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Tu	7. 14. 21. 28
W	7. 14. 21. 28	W	4. 11. 18. 25	W	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	W	6. 13. 20. 27	W	3. 10. 17. 24	W	1. 8. 15. 22. 29
Th	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Th	5. 12. 19. 26	Th	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Th	7. 14. 21. 28	Th	4. 11. 18. 25	Th	2. 9. 16. 23. 30
F	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	F	6. 13. 20. 27	F	3. 10. 17. 24	F	1. 8. 15. 22. 29	F	5. 12. 19. 26	F	3. 10. 17. 24. 31
S	3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S	7. 14. 21. 28	S	4. 11. 18. 25	S	2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S	6. 13. 20. 27	S	4. 11. 18. 25



"Probably Miss Whitegate would like to pour."

Radio Seduction

WHEN the wind was a series of whistles and wails
that are wrung from a wireless set
By the conscious zeal of a radiophile with a super-
superhet;

When the moon was a ghostly pea-lamp bulb lighting a
phantom dial,
And two hundred volts did a dance of death in electro-
nightmare style;

When, as I say (I'm a family man . . .), conditions were as
I have said

(. . . Accustomed to being believed, you see) and the wife
and the kids were in bed,

Left alone with the radiogram, alone in the dead of
night

(I had had enough of the highbrow stuff, and was never a
man for the Light),

Left alone, as I said before . . . Oh, let's have a full-stop
first.

I suddenly thought of the licence I bought. I'd have more
for my money, or burst!

With supple ease I uncrossed my knees, and as carelessly
rose to my feet;

With a casual air of *savoir faire* I advanced to the set . . .
and defeat!

I tripped on a simply ridiculous thing, on which anyone
might have gone wrong:

I was tuning a short-wave station in with the thingummy
set to "Long."

An incredible thing!—The station came up. And more
incredible yet!—

It came where the lettering said it should come. (The
name of the place I forget.)

It came where the lettering said it should come (It might
have been Timbuctoo;

It might have been Moscow, or Hilversum) and softly the
music seeped through.

It came where the lettering said it should come (as I see
I have mentioned before)

And sweet as the sound of the sirens' song sang my short-
wave troubadour.

Soft through the atmospherics stole the notes of her
haunting refrain,

And loth to lump less than the loudest I twiddled the
tuner again.

I twiddled the knob in the middle (not much) and it
happened—alas!—as I feared:

(It was only the teeniest twiddle—a touch!) the station
disappeared.

Then I lunged at the set like a madman (misquote),
shrieking a curse to the sky,

Lashed by the loss of my long-felt want, lured by my
Lorelei.

I swung the condenser (I think it was that) through unstable
ethereal miles,

In a fruitless attempt at seduction with the various knobs
and dials.

In pursuit of my station I twiddled the knobs the rest of
the long night through,

Using every conceivable wireless wile, to wit:

to wooooooooo wooooooooo
wooooooooo

I followed that fugitive station for the whole of that
feverish night.

The knob on the left came away in my hand, and I twiddled
the one on the right.

I followed that fugitive station (Again?) getting ever more
irked and annoyed

As she will-o'-the-wisped like a syncopist around the
solenoid.

At daybreak the following morning, when the family
rolled out of bed,

They came downstairs for their breakfast and discovered
me lying there, dead.

Bamboozled by hand-capacity, and other ridiculous larks,
I had overheated my filaments and erupted in showers of
sparks.

* * * * *

Now the wireless set is green with age and copper carbonate,
And I, erstwhile its owner, am honoured on earth as "the
late."

The aerial mast is broken in two and is rotting away at
the root,

And my bones lie buried beneath it—alas! (As if anyone
cared a hoot!)

But still when the wind is a wireless wail and the moon is
a pea-lamp glow

My ghost tries to pick up the station that spurned my
advances long ago.

At dead of night in the heavyside layer my spirit goes out
on the prowl,

Annoying the listening public with its wolf-like whistle and
howl.



"Remember when we used to get scorched coming
down the chimney?"

The Gonch

YOU know how greedy people are. You know how greedy you are yourself. I know exactly how greedy I am. Even dyspeptics would be greedy if they dared. Greediness is practically universal; and, apart from its vital functions, it is a source of much innocent delight. Our deprivations have driven most of this delight into our mental life, where it assumes a dreamlike and idealistic beauty, a nostalgic folk-tale loveliness. Of course this isn't new. It has always happened to children and poor people, to anyone who couldn't get all he fancied. It made the flint-like sugar mouse of our Christmas trees into a kind of *Princesse Lointaine*, and for the pound-a-week working-man of my childhood it surrounded Legs of Pork with the halo of the unattainable. But now we all feel it, except the horrible people who can afford all there is and wangle the rest.

This deep yearning for the delicious has revived in my bosom an old game, invented in distant and ever-hungry childhood: the mental creation of the Ideal Café. At first, of course, the idea was relatively simple, comprising merely unlimited chocolates, ice-cream, and cakes; but now, with the mind enriched by experience and sharpened by shortages, the conception is more ambitious. Mind you, I have no intention of actually opening a café. I know too much. At least, I know enough to prefer whaling in the Antarctic, or farming in the Hebrides, or anything that is less like work than running any kind of an eats business. But I can point the way.

My café would be called "The Gonch." That conveys the idea at once. The verb "to gonch," or "to have a good gonch," I made up myself ages ago; but I find that all who have learned it use it, which shows what a good word it is. "To gonch" means simply to devour something good with gusto—not to toy with it, or to keep some for another time, or to remember one's troubles and be distracted from full enjoyment, or to disguise one's feelings out of politeness, but simply to go ahead and get outside it, and to be duly grateful to Providence: "not denying the blessing," as the Arabs say. Thus, a child who has a box of sweets and eats one, and gives its brothers and sisters one each and puts the rest away, is a hissing and a byword: but a child who goes through his box and lets the others go through it like a prairie fire is a good goncher and on the right track; and everyone

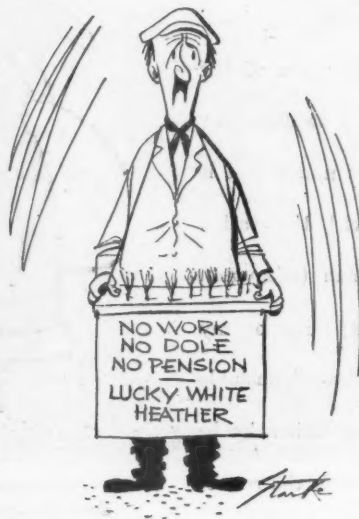
has had enough sweetstuff to feel it sinking into the deeper layers of his being and really doing good.

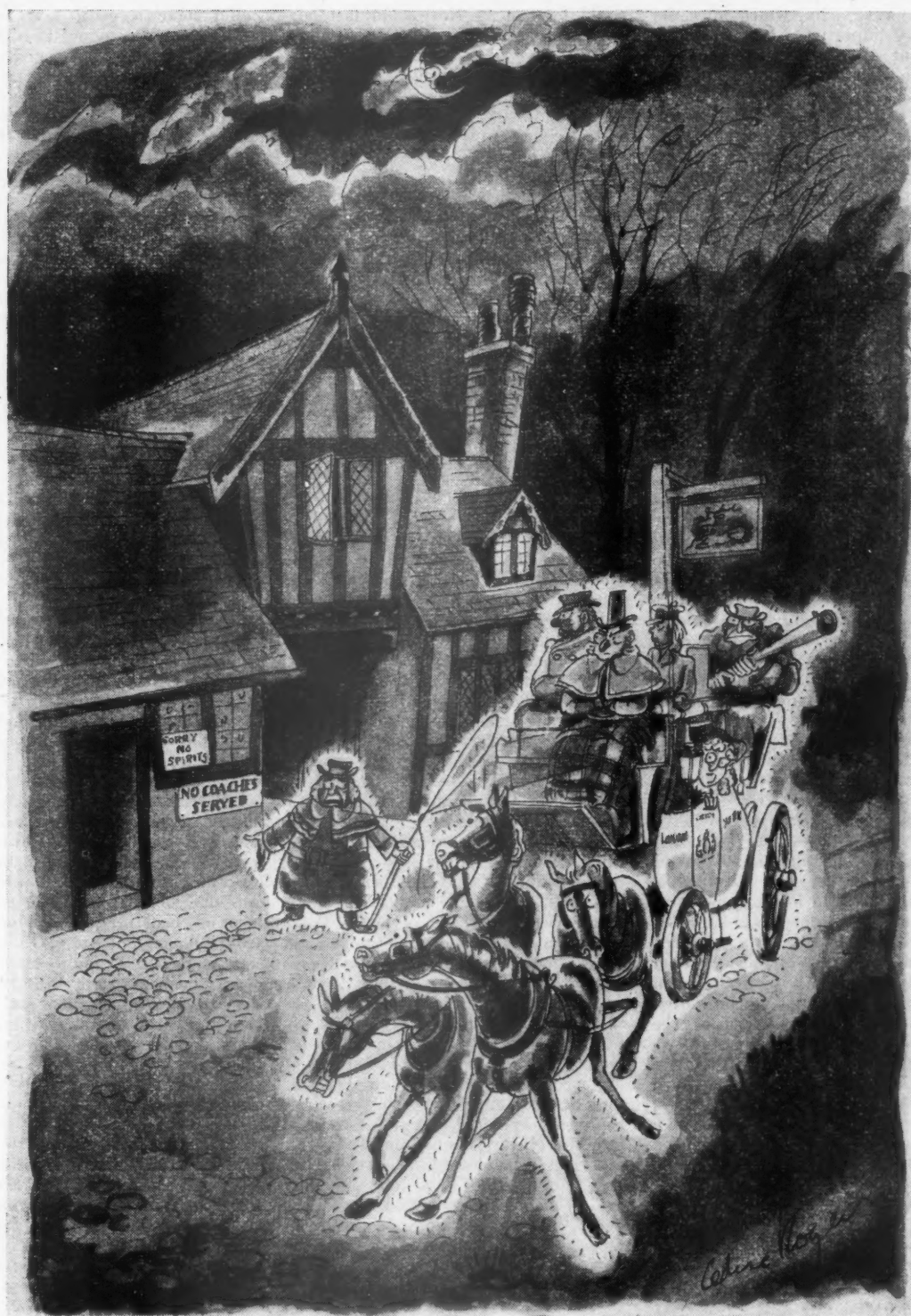
This would be the fundamental idea of the undertaking. My café would provide the things people want to eat, in sufficient doses, of the very best quality (what a startling novelty that would be now!) and in an atmosphere of rather stuffy comfort: solid Victorian surroundings, I think, with plenty of mahogany, large mirrors, flowers, comfortable seats, open fires, ample space, and waitresses as far as possible of the best barmaid type. I shouldn't bother with set meals, though. They are too prosy, and the two veg. would make the place smelly. The poetry of food would be my aim, and for this purpose the poetry shouldn't be later than Tennyson, if you follow my meaning. (That fellow knew what a game pie should be all right.) I shouldn't go about asking people what they like best, or taking any kind of census before beginning: I should rely entirely on my own intuitive greed, which I know to be basic.

There would be two counters, the savoury and the sweet. The savoury counter would always serve a good soup, and I don't think there would be much need for variety here, for in all but the hottest weather the soup would be *pot-au-feu*. No headaches about the daily buying, you see. Just half a hundredweight of prime shin of beef, a few knuckles of veal, a hambone or two, and a few vegetables. There would always be cold York ham and

cold chicken—boiled capons, I think, not little frizzled-up things—and, whenever possible, cold boiled turkey, so much more succulent than roast; cold roast sirloin, cold leg of pork with crackling, cold stuffed loin of veal, and always plenty of horseradish sauce. And Dequé's Derby Round. This is no more than a noble legend to me, but I find it so revered among the faithful that I must include it. A few of the more distinguished kinds of sausage would find an honoured place. Salads, of course—not just lettuce and tomato, but endive of both kinds, celery, corn-salad, chicory, watercress, young onions, raw asparagus, hard-boiled eggs—everything; and Russian salad with real *haricots verts* and young peas, and potato salad with beautiful mayonnaise, and the oil and vinegar of the very best, and garlic for those who like it. There might be lobsters sometimes, certainly crabs and oysters and cold salmon, or, better still, salmon-trout. Pedigree cheeses, of course: Stilton and ripe old Cheshire and real Camembert (something is seriously wrong with the kind we are getting now) and York cream cheese on its little straw mats. Good cold beer and hard cider, and a fine sherry, dry, but not too dry; and an imposing Burgundy and a soft rather faded claret, all on draught. I should be very particular about the bread. I should have household bread made from English flour, with enough yeast to give it a flavour, and crisp French bread in long thin loaves, and delicately salted pretzels and some good dry biscuits. Little dishes of olives, both green and black, and salted almonds and—yes—pickled onions and cabbage, would be dotted about. The waitresses at this counter would probably be glad to pay a premium for their jobs.

But my deepest feelings would be expressed on the sweet side. You see, the childish romanticism about food is mostly woven round sweet things. And here I have a striking idea. We all used to want to eat jam out of the pot with a spoon, and most of us never could, legitimately. The unappeased yearning still lingers in many of us. All right—legitimise it. Have quarter-pound pots of all the best kinds, openly offered to be gonched. Strawberry, black currant, Oxford marmalade, quince, guava jelly, greengage, apricot. And not only jam—heather honey and lemon cheese. And not bought stuff either, but made on the premises from prime materials; all but the honey, which must be bought





"Well, it looks as if they'd got us both ways."

direct from the producer on the moors, and the guava jelly, which must be judiciously imported. And while we were about it we would have honey-comb too—quarter-sections, and no nonsense.

Have you ever reflected on the vicissitudes of pastry? Lord, how it has come down in the world, as men have learned to cheat, and adulterate, and counterfeit! How many of us have tasted a genuine mince-pie, of which the puff-pastry was made with butter, the mincemeat plentifully brandied, the top thinly iced with sugar flavoured with orange-flower water? And macaroons—God help us!—once they were made with pounded almonds and sugar and white of egg, with perhaps a flavouring of some delicious liqueur. In a bare half-century they have degenerated through coconut and monkey-nut to rolled oats, and may yet come to be made of sawdust. I would revive the true mince-pie and macaroon, the brandy-snap, and the all-but-forgotten cheesecake—not the lemon kind, I'd have those too, and very good they are—but the true cheesecake made with curds, one of the best sweet things ever invented. There used to be shops which existed to sell cheesecakes and nothing else, and fortunes were made from them. "Man does not require to be informed of the truth. He requires to be reminded."

THERE is one glory of the past which we have never forgotten, though the Americans, I think, remember it better than we do; but then they have more of what it takes. I refer to the plum-cake or rich fruit cake. I should always have monumental slabs of this, of the most classic kind; some with the rich, solemn surface left unadorned, some with the thick layer of almond-paste and thin one of sugar, which give the romantic hymeneal finish. For young children not yet promoted to wedding-cake there would be the rich yet light little Genoese cakes we used to love so much: little diamond and trefoil and square shapes, iced with soft icing in various flavours, and with the pretty sweet—marzipan strawberry or bright jelly—on the top of each, to be carefully kept and eaten last.

My tea and coffee would never be mere tea and coffee. There would be four distinct sorts of tea, each the best of its kind: a tarry China, a flowery China, a fine Darjeeling with the true muscat flavour, and (for those who like their tea to have a punch) a good powerful Ceylon. The black coffee would be Mocha or Turkish, the *café-*

au-lait Java, and anyone who liked could have it in Norwegian fashion, immensely strong, with lots of thin cream. On cold days there would also be foaming pots of frothy chocolate, made with the richest milk, and served with plenty of whipped cream; the sort of chocolate which goes with tall, queenly girls with fine eyes, large hats, and genuine figures.

There would be a certain amount of confectionery in the sweetshop sense, of course, but not much. A good working-day fudge, made with Barbados sugar, and a party fudge with rum and cream in it, naturally; and a stack of the pink-and-white bars of home-made coconut ice, so dear to all true gonchers. I should want a good type of Turkish delight, preferably that which used to be imported from the Piræus, and which, I hope (but scarcely believe), will be imported again; and of course preserved fruit, as much for its beauty as for its succulence. The whole candied melons and pineapples look, and taste, so festive. The unrivalled Elvas plum would have a place of honour in its season, and so would preserved ginger, both dry and in syrup.

But perhaps there is nothing so deeply involved in the goncher's affections as fresh fruit. We know only too well now what a desert life is without it. I should make it my business to find a copious supply of the very best. I would go straight to the most intelligent growers: indeed, I would grow much of it myself. So that in the season the Gonch would offer fresh fruit salads, raspberries, strawberries, really ripe black currants, all with thick raw cream, or ice-cream, or *crème Chantilly*; and in the glorious maternal, indulgent month of September we should be perfectly Bacchanalian, for there would be baskets—nice little ten-inch Sussex trugs—lined with vine leaves of dewy freshness, each containing grapes, both black and white, a good peach or nectarine, a half-pound Williams pear in an exact state of ripeness, a fine green fig, a couple of apricots, and three or four of the mellowest greengages, and the customer could just sit down and lose himself for twenty minutes or so; and then, if he pleased, he could reflect how the bounty of Providence and the art of man had contrived these delights, and how, if we were not such fools, we could all enjoy them in fact, and not merely in this Barmecide fantasy; and whether he hadn't better bestir himself and see how it could be done.

Yes, the Gonch would really be a moral institution. Apart from the fact

that all real delights lead home, it would have a great and beneficial influence on the population problem. For if a Gonch were opened in every built-up area, the young (the present generation of whom has known nothing but pinching and shortage) would be immensely encouraged and fortified, and the old would soon go off in their hundreds by apoplexies and syncope, and leave off making us so top-heavy and hanging on to the cash. Many, indeed, would welcome their dismissal on such terms. There could be Gonch scholarships, too, for wretched poets and artists, who might then cease to express themselves in so depressing a manner, and begin to turn on the hey-nonny-no and tra-la-la once more—a mood which owes more to good feeding than many would care to acknowledge.

THE possibility also occurs to me of a Gonch Clinic, which might be of great use in psychiatry. What conflicts it might resolve; what wounds it might heal! Come with me for a glance into its bright and fragrant treatment-rooms. Here is one furnished with great luxury, in which several patients are having remedial treatment for over-frugal habits acquired in youth. They are being gently persuaded to eat jam and butter together on the same piece of bread. The material for their next exercise is being brought in—a large Christmas pudding, blazing with brandy, and a jug of cream. They will be trained to pour the cream liberally over the large slices of pudding on their plates, at the same time exclaiming with conviction, "It's a great improvement." In a classically bare and reticent apartment next door the opposite complaint is being treated. A number of misguided *bons viveurs* are being taught to wave aside an asparagus soufflé, and to demand the plainly cooked vegetable instead with the sole accompaniment of a little melted butter. Later on they will be taken into the garden to pull up young carrots and eat them, grit and all, and to learn to bite round the wormy and earwiggy bits of otherwise quite good apples and pears, which hitherto they have affectingly despised.

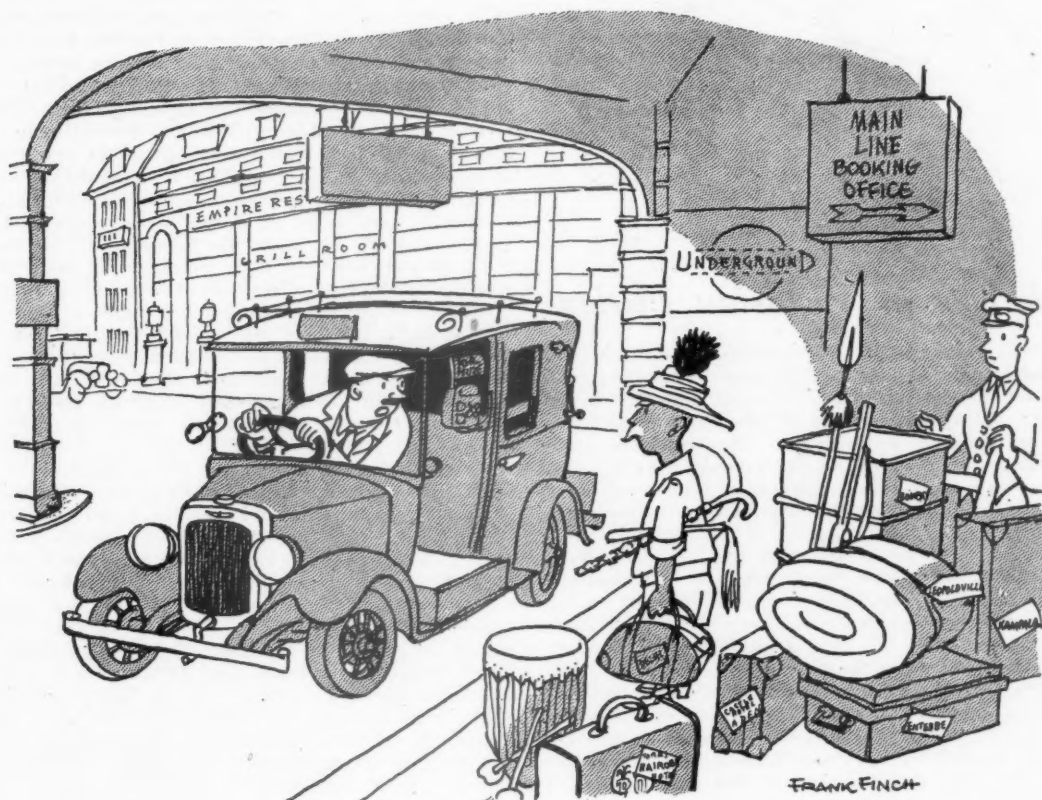
Here is a bright kitchen, with an old-fashioned range, a tiled floor with rag rugs, geraniums in the windows, a large, sleepy cat, and a plump motherly woman with a large starched apron and floury hands. There is the most heavenly smell, made up of apple-pie with quince in it, freshly-ground coffee, and strong beef broth flavoured with cloves. Everything is deliciously warm and bright. Here only one patient is

admitted at a time. Unhappy beings who have never had a good working mother are often different creatures after two or three treatments. The motherly woman sits them down in her Windsor arm-chair, with their feet on the bright steel fender, and gives them a cup of strong broth, or good coffee, with dripping-toast or a jam-tart, all feathery and flaky and hot from the oven. She also allows them to scrape out any basin or saucepan they may fancy, and to raid her stores of raisins and candied-peel; or they can have odds and ends of pastry to make themselves a grimy little turnover, or an old saucepan and some brown sugar to boil up toffee on the stove. She encourages them to talk of their troubles, and even to cry into her crackling bosom, and it is found that many mild neurotics are perfectly well on one such treatment per week.

From this point it is not difficult to imagine the International Gonch, with annual convocations, solemn samplings of national dishes, and the various professors, students, patients, staffs,

and mere customers having no end of a time; a sort of Jacob's Ladder of a Gonch reaching up to unknown heights—but stay; my matter is beginning to outrun my pen, and the elation consequent upon having had an eleemosynary bit of boiled bacon for dinner, the product of a pig club operating in a neighbouring builder's yard, is subsiding. Cold reflections begin to creep upon me. I dare say there are factors I've overlooked. Perhaps the things I've described ought never to have been invented; they may only have been possible because nineteen-twentieths of the world was being exploited to bloat the rest. But with our present mastery of the means of production, surely we might eventually patch up our distributive system so that everyone might have at least an occasional taste of something worth eating? I know the Gonch could never be a cheap place; but then it wouldn't have to be—people would willingly pawn something to spend an hour in it, if the stuff were there. But what makes me really dubious is to remember how

often I've seen businesses started for the express purpose of selling something really good, and in less than no time coming down to all the dreary fakes and mass-production lines. I suppose there is more profit and less drudgery to them—cake-mixture bought ready-made in kegs, and sinister pastry that comes in great pallid bolsters, only needing to be rolled out, and synthetic marshmallow stuff in immense tins, more like a cheap cosmetic than honest food. That's where my idealism would come in. The profit motive has lost a lot of its glamour lately, what with taxes and restrictions and endless squalid little forms to fill in and perpetual threats in the background. And anyone who has been in the blitz, or at the front, ought to have lost a lot of the itch for profit, anyway. The proportions are changed. So, while insisting that the Gonch should pay its way, I'd put profit only third or fourth on the list of objectives. The first, by a long way, would be the increasing of pure, blessed, animal enjoyment.



"Muswell Hill? Bit off the beaten, ain't it?"



"Good evening, everybody—now I want you all to promise to gargle the very instant I've gone!"

High Life in Victorian Fiction

IF it did nothing else for burdened mankind, the French Revolution did at any rate enrich and deepen the appeal of the upper classes to the novel-reading public. In the eighteenth century aristocrats were "the Great," which was impressive rather than romantic. The guillotine gave them scarcity value. True, it operated only in France, and even there on a much smaller scale than the general fancy supposed. But it brought the Olympians down to earth, and while not really impairing their divinity won for them the sympathy due to human suffering. Royal though ruined, victim yet victor—that, more or less, was the formula with which, when the aristocrat emerged on the other side of the French Revolution, Byron in "Childe Harold" launched him on his dazzling pilgrimage through the popular literature of the nineteenth century.

In *Novels of High Society from the Victorian Age*, a massive tome of nine hundred closely printed pages (published by The Pilot Press at 18/-), Mr. Anthony Powell has culled three of the most luxuriant blooms from the hothouse of Victorian romanticism. His first choice is Benjamin Disraeli's "Henrietta Temple," which appeared in the year of Queen Victoria's accession. Disraeli, who had already published seven books, was now thirty-three, he had just entered

Parliament, and, as he had recently told Lord Melbourne, was resolved one day to become Prime Minister. That day, except to Disraeli, seemed unlikely ever to dawn, for though his novels and his dandyism had attracted a good deal of attention, it was not of a kind to further his political ambitions. Even in the eighteen-thirties green velvet trousers and a black satin shirt were considered excessive, and although in later years Disraeli wrote to the papers to say that he had never worn green trousers, the impression that he had lingered on. Nor did his novels help him. After he had held high office he was taken seriously as a writer, after his first premiership his wit and wisdom were universally applauded, and after his second premiership and death his literary genius was no longer in dispute. But in his early years these collateral aids to appreciation were lacking, and, judged bleakly on their actual contents, the novels of his first period seemed designed solely to add to their author's bank balance by purveying a diluted Byronism to a generation nicely balanced between the licence of the Regency and the domestic ideals of the Victorians. Ferdinand Armine, the hero of "Henrietta Temple," starts off with the full Byronic equipment. He is of ancient lineage, and has a fiery imagination, violent passions and a daring soul. He glitters in brilliant circles, he is followed by the report of strange and flattering adventures, he breaks into profuse expenditure, and seems, in short, to be storing up endless difficulties both for himself and for the wealthy cousin whom he has decided to marry so that he may be in a position to disencumber the family estate of its mortgages and, incidentally, settle his personal debts (feeling described by himself as "private cares of my own of no slight nature"). Then he meets Henrietta Temple, a beautiful girl, of ancient lineage of course, but relatively penniless. From that moment he is a changed man. No more strange and flattering adventures, nothing but an unalterable, at times even monomaniacal, fidelity to Henrietta. There are complications; Henrietta, on a false, though in all the circumstances plausible, report of his unfaithfulness, becomes engaged to a wealthy peer, and Ferdinand's creditors get him into a spunging-house. But all ends happily on the emotional plane, and satisfactorily on the economic, for Henrietta unexpectedly becomes one of the greatest heiresses in the country. To say that there is no reality at all in the book would be to pay even Disraeli's intelligence and self-command too high a compliment. The spunging-house is real enough, there is an astute moneylender with social ambitions who might have struck Mr. Gladstone as like someone or other, and there is a very genuine ring in Ferdinand's cry of agony when he hears that Henrietta, now betrothed to another, has come into a vast fortune.

THE second book chosen by Mr. Powell, "Guy Livingstone," was published in 1857 and enjoyed a huge success. In the twenty years since the Queen's accession the middle classes had expanded enormously in wealth and importance, but half-way through the fifties the Crimean War stimulated a latent distaste for their prudential outlook and sober domestic routine. Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" was one sign of the growing restlessness; Tennyson's "Maud," with its denunciation of trade and dithyrambic approval of "loud war by land and sea," was another; "Guy Livingstone" was a third. Not much is known of its author, George Lawrence, but one may reasonably assume that he put a good deal of himself into Frank Hammond, the faithful friend and chronicler of Guy Livingstone. Hammond says of himself that he is weak in body and nerve, and one can deduce from his narrative that he is not particularly strong in the head. So he is well equipped to

picture in loving detail and with meek adoration an embodiment of pagan force and arrogance. Guy Livingstone is the bearer of an ancient name, heir to a large estate, and free from money cares, handing a blank cheque to a friend for his honeymoon expenses and showing a faintly disdainful surprise when the cheque is filled in for a meagre thousand pounds. After trampling his way through school and Oxford, where he batters a prize-fighter into "a heap of blind, senseless, bleeding humanity," Livingstone takes a commission in the Life Guards. Even as a boy there was a set sternness about his lips and lower jaw, and this effect, Hammond noticed, was increased after he joined the Life Guards by a heavy moustache which "fell over his lips in a black cascade." A very different person, one would say, from Dean Farrar's Eric, whose history appeared in the year after Livingstone's. Yet no one in a popular novel can escape the spirit of his age. A deadly duellist, an intrepid rider to hounds, a heavy player, an irresistible lover, with never fewer than two affairs in hand, Livingstone nevertheless becomes, like Eric, a prize for which the powers of good and evil contend. As Russell, Eric's good angel, and Brigson, "a fore-front fighter in the Devil's battles," struggle for Eric's soul, so Constance Brandon and the seductive enchantress Flora Bellays struggle for Livingstone's. The odds seem against Constance, in spite of her rare loveliness, for she is an ardent ritualist, and to go to church with a beautiful woman is foreign to Livingstone's temperament. The reader senses his increasing restlessness, and is less taken aback than Constance when Guy and Flora, withdrawing into a conservatory heavy with tropical scents, are surprised in a long embrace. But the last round goes to Constance, who, as is usual with virtuous characters in Victorian fiction, lacks physical stamina. Sinking into a rapid decline, she sends for Guy on her death-bed, and makes him promise to break with Flora and to become gentler and more unselfish. Having broken with Flora in an interview marked by even more than his usual ferocity, Livingstone goes for a Mediterranean cruise with Hammond, who takes it as a sign of his friend's growing gentleness when Livingstone, instead of smashing in a recalcitrant Italian's face, lifts the man up by his throat, holds him suspended against a wall, and eventually lets him drop, green with terror, but unhurt. The further efflorescence of Livingstone's kindlier side is delayed by an episode in which a man who has killed one of Guy's friends collapses into idiocy under the menace of his pitiless thirst for vengeance. But all ends well. Livingstone, fatally injured in the hunting-field, expresses himself in such penitent and affectionate terms on his death-bed that Hammond breaks down, and when all is over leans his forehead against the corpse's cheek, sobbing like a helpless child. Guy's grave, even in the depth of winter, is strewn with the choicest of exotic flowers. The hand that strews them is Flora's.

OUIDA'S "Moths," the third novel in this volume, appeared in 1880, the year when Zola published "Nana" and Ibsen was writing "Ghosts." The sun of Byron was setting at last. Ouida (Louise Ramé, as Mr. Powell accurately but rather unkindly calls her, Louise de la Ramée as she preferred to call herself) did not belong to high society by birth, and, though her novels brought her into contact with it, her unattractive appearance, rasping voice and bad manners debarred, or saved, her from the vicious and hollow triumphs enjoyed by the corrupt and cankered beauties whom she flays in all her writings with such unflagging zest. To balance matters, she was accustomed, by the exercise of a powerful imagination, to identify herself with her proudly innocent and peerlessly beautiful heroines. When "Moths" came out, Mr. Powell tells us,

Ouida wore the white gown of its martyred heroine, Vera Herbert, who, to save her mother's honour, marries Prince Zouroff, a vile profligate of immense wealth and a lineage more ancient than the Romanoffs. Vera's innocence, the magnet which attracts Prince Zouroff, casts a spell no less potent, though incomparably more elevated, on Corréze, the great opera-singer, whose father, son of a marquis beggared in the Terror, had tended goats on the pastures fronting the Pennine Alps across the valley of the Rhone. An unspoken love springs up between Corréze, weary of countless conquests, and Vera, surrounded by flatterers, destitute of friends. Now here, now there, by a rushing river in the Austrian Alps, in a lonely church on the bleak Polish plains, the divine voice of Corréze rises unexpectedly to comfort her sad heart. People begin to talk, there is a duel, and Prince Zouroff shoots Corréze in the throat.

High above the Rhone valley, in an old house, simple yet noble and filled with the gifts of kings and emperors and cities, Corréze and Vera live alone. Some hundreds of miles to the north-west Zola is poring over the latest statistics of infanticide. Up there in Norway Ibsen is collating his notes on general paralysis of the insane. No matter. Corréze is leaning over the stone balustrade of his terrace, some pages of written music, the score of an opera, on a marble table near by. Beside him stands Vera, a serious sweet luminance in her eyes. The air is pure and clear as crystal, strong as wine. A cattle maiden sings on the high grass slopes, a freshwater fisherman answers the song from his boat on the lake below.

H. K.



"Stand up the boy to whose air-line THAT one belongs."

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THIS Fragment was born at our annual Christmas party. My wife went to get the parsley crowns for the Christmas tree and found that she had forgotten the combination of the refrigerator, so to fill an awkward gap I composed and recited as below. Fortunately, by the time I had finished, the answer had occurred to her and "Tee Hee" is what it proved to be.

THE STOLEN HYPOTHESIS

(The scene is the meeting of a Board of Directors.)

CHAIRMAN. Well, folk, it has been a good year. Taking things by and large, profits have accrued, turnover has been far from a headache and the values of such capital assets as the portrait of the founder have increased. There is, however, one snag. Our fiendish rivals, Happidaze Ltd., have patented a method of training their typists which may well tip the balance in their favour on office costs, and hence affect the overall picture to our disadvantage.

SECRETARY. I am very old and remember the time when the chief prop of our prosperity was foreign intelligence; but the last really good foreign intelligence we got was the Treaty of Portsmouth. It seems to me that any Discount House—

CHAIRMAN. I have often wondered what on earth a Discount House was, but I'm almost certain that we are not one. Ever since I was brought in, when I lost my Seat, we've been making products in factories, and the more products we've made the more factories we've needed and we have expanded like some damned great bubble. I doubt if a Discount House would do that.

CHIEF ENGINEER. I can confirm what the Chairman says about factories; we have several. I am speaking now not as an expert but as a family man. My sons-in-law work in them.

CHIEF ARCHITECT. I only came on Tuesday, and since then I have been just passing plans for the new Boardroom. Alcove or no alcove, that has been the kind of problem before me. As a matter of general interest I am giving my staff a day's holiday next week. I wish to show my power over them.

CHAIRMAN. What does our new efficiency expert, Dr. Furnace, think about it all?

DR. FURNACE. Whether you be a Discount House or nay the basic laws of effort measurement apply. I have so far measured only a Miss Pughorn I was lent by the filing department, but hope to get around more in the days to come.

CHAIRMAN. Can anyone give us something solid to go on in the way of Sales Figures?

MANAGING DIRECTOR. Owing to our system of changing things free of charge it is all rather difficult. But in good round figures I should say an improvement of 13½ per cent.

CHAIRMAN. Cash, volume, items or what?

MANAGING DIRECTOR. Well, I shall just have to get Records to break the figures down a bit. But don't apologize: it will do them good.

CHAIRMAN. Have we sold more of the—er—objects than before?

MANAGING DIRECTOR. What objects?

CHAIRMAN. Oh, dear! I have seen this coming. Well, whatever it is we sell.

MANAGING DIRECTOR. In most sales zones it's Prize Packets.

VICE-CHAIRMAN. Now my main interest is Insurance. Man and boy that's been my line. What I want to know is, are we insured and if so for what?

SECRETARY. Lloyd's Coffee House were always most helpful—most helpful. I do not know whether they have been taken over by Messrs. Lyons now.

MANAGING DIRECTOR. While you're all here I should like your formal authorization to open some branches Out East. There are, I regret to say, some of our staff who do not really fit in in England, and I am certain they will be of more use in a more free and easy atmosphere such as you would find Somewhere East of Suez.

CHAIRMAN. Once you begin these foreign entrepôts the stage always comes when someone suggests it is cheaper to have your own fleet of ships, and then there is all the bother about persuading your wife to launch them and what they are going to be called, and before you know where you are you have been let in for sailing round the branches in them and being entertained by aspirants for promotion. Nothing gets a chairman down quicker.

VICE-CHAIRMAN. You know, if we did have a fleet of ships they would have to be insured, and why put the job out? Why not form an insurance company as a subsidiary? I would run it myself willingly.

A DIRECTOR. I represent one of the companies that got merged in this one, Ox-Plows Ltd., and I do feel that more might be done in the way of concession-hunting. I have a brother who once got as many as seventy-three concessions from a single sheikh—all sorts, they were, from oil to truffles.

MANAGING DIRECTOR. Oh, we've got any number of concessions. We don't actually operate them because our machinery is so specialized. It does just one thing and does that superlatively well.

CHIEF ENGINEER. Don't worry; from time to time a machine will wear out, and then we can discuss what the new one is to do.

CHAIRMAN. Well, I'm sure we have all gained a general impression that things are going well, and that is what I shall tell the shareholders at the meeting. Cheer up, shareholders, I shall say, there's still some ballast in the kitty.

VICE-CHAIRMAN. What are the general reflections going to be on this year?

CHAIRMAN. The Problem of the New Woman. I shall now publish the balance sheet . . . If any of you know cause, or just impediment . . .

FINIS

o o

News on the Train

HIS paper is the same as mine
And mine the same as his,
In heading, paragraph and line
No difference there is.

Which prompts me to an idle quizz
To find by what design
Mine is more sweet to him than his
And his to me than mine.

J. B. B.

Fingerness



"The time has come for each one of us to ask himself the question—



Is the work that I do of direct and urgent importance to the nation?—



Is it absolutely essential?—



or at least highly desirable?



If I didn't do it would the whole system break down?—



or a part of the system?—



or even my own little bit of the system?



If I didn't do it could someone else do it?



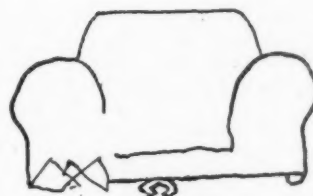
Could someone else do it easily?



Could someone else do it on their head?



Could someone else do it in addition to their present work and never notice the difference?



Do I, in fact, serve any useful purpose whatever?"



William Sully

"A tin of Baby Talcum, a thermometer, a feeding bottle, and a film for the camera."

Coincidence

A PAIR of—as they liked to think—professional backers, Mr. Plex and Mr. Ferritt sat at breakfast in the club discussing the day's events. It was of course only the beginning of the day in question, but that was just what made it important to discuss these particular events which had not yet occurred.

"This one," said Mr. Ferritt, stubbing his paper with a sticky finger and displaying it, "they say is a good stayer."

"So is this one," said Mr. Plex, doing the same with his paper. "But he won't last. Can't last. Three in a row—it's too good to last."

It was a superstition of theirs to refer to horses, before they made their bets, merely as "this one" or "that one." Like some other superstitions, this was rooted in reason. By mentioning no names, not only did they avoid giving unintentional tips to other breakfasters, but also it was possible afterwards, in case of necessity, to say that they had been pointing to another name than the one they had been taken to indicate.

Of the two, Mr. Ferritt had the most reason to think of himself as a professional backer. Horses, on paper, were almost the sole interest in his life; he lived at the club and did not have to go to any office. He had a small just-adequate income which he so arranged that he had ten

shillings a week to bet with. Occasionally at the end of the month he was a few shillings up; never could he be more than two pounds down, and that was invariably budgeted for, so that the odd few shillings was in its way clear profit.

Mr. Plex, on the other hand, had to leave the club at 9 o'clock daily and did not return to it until 6.15 p.m. Most of the intervening period he spent in a dingy ground-floor office, behind half-curtains of a rusty green. Slightly younger and later to insure than Mr. Ferritt, he looked forward to the time when he would be in a somewhat similar position, able to call his time his own and spend it working out form in greater detail, perhaps—who knew?—with a real card index.

Replacing his newspaper beside his plate, he took a gulp of coffee and said to Mr. Ferritt: "Did you read yesterday"—yesterday had been Sunday, when they did not meet—"about the Remarkable Dream of the lady in, where was it, South Shields or somewhere?"

"Ha!" Mr. Ferritt said. "Yes. Ha!"

"She said she dreamed it won!"

"Passes my comprehension," said Mr. Ferritt.

The other stared at him and seemed about to speak.

"I mean," Mr. Ferritt went on hastily, "how people can pay any regard to things of that nature. Sheer—sheer, unutterable—"

"That's what I say. Childish. This one," said Mr. Plex, changing the subject, with a dismissing gesture, "promises well according to what I was told last week. Never won, but I was talking to a man who saw him timed over a couple of furlongs—"

"Which one?"

"This. Third one there."

"Oh! Thought you were pointing at the second."

Mr. Plex twisted his paper round, glanced at it again and laughed heartily.

"Ho, ho!" he ejaculated. "The second, that's the one the South Shields lady dreamed about!"

"I thought to myself," said Mr. Ferritt gruffly, "I thought to myself what, is my old friend losing his grip?"

There was a great deal more laughter and many another facetious suggestion from both sides of the small table. Every branch of the misapprehension was delightedly explored. Finally, resuming business, Mr. Ferritt said:

"What's your opinion with regard to him?"

Mr. Plex gazed at the printed name and winked.

"Between ourselves, he's my choice."

"Fact?"

"Probably get fours, perhaps fives."

"He's said to be best on hard going," said Mr. Ferritt, squinting first at his paper and then out of the window at the rain, which was very heavy.

"Bluff," said Mr. Plex heartily.

"You think so, eh?"

Both habitually placed their bets through the waiter Thomas, who now came up and stood regarding them impassively.

"No," Mr. Ferritt proceeded, "I'll stick to my own long shot. They forecast 100-7 about this one."

"Poof!" said Mr. Plex. "You might as well go for the one the South Shields lady—"

Both laughed again, but Mr. Ferritt said: "All the same I stick to him. Try a long shot once in a while. Probably yours'll go out to evens; where's the fun there? Thomas!"

"Yes, sir."

"Business, Thomas," said Mr. Plex. It was conducted in low tones, Thomas writing at intervals in a moth-eaten little red notebook. Presently Mr. Plex pushed his chair back.

"Well, I have to be getting away. See you to-night?"

"I shall be here."

"Thomas, you on duty to-night?"

"No, sir, I'm off to-night. Breakfast to-morrow, sir, I shall be on then."

Mr. Plex nodded and withdrew, putting his notecase back in his pocket. When the door had shut after him Mr. Ferritt lit a cigarette and looked round uneasily. Then he said: "Thomas!"

Thomas approached.

"Another bet, I think, Thomas."

The battered notebook emerged again. As Mr. Ferritt spoke in an undertone Thomas recorded the details, his face expressionless.

"By the way," Mr. Ferritt concluded, avoiding Thomas's eye, "I may not be in to-morrow morning at the usual time. But I'll see you afterwards."

It was a subterfuge that did not answer; though when Mr. Ferritt and Mr. Plex met again at dinner, each with his evening paper, the fact was not at first apparent. They greeted each other cheerfully.

"Good day?" Mr. Ferritt inquired.

"Pah! Everything down! Who'd have thought that South Shields woman's horse would have won after all!"

"Idiotic," agreed Mr. Ferritt. "They shouldn't be

allowed to tell their dreams and put sensible people off. I might have done it but for her!"

Mr. Plex, shaking his head, said, "I don't think I should. It was too long. Started at 50-1, they tell me—I haven't looked."

In these circumstances, how awkward for both that Thomas should appear, explaining that he was on duty to-night after all! Awkward for Mr. Ferritt, because Thomas at once proceeded to pay him his winnings on the horse in question; awkward for Mr. Plex, who had sent the extra bet up in a note during the morning, because Thomas went on to pay him his.

R. M.

"Nessie"

(Popular opinion seems to have decided that the Loch Ness Monster is a female and that its name is as above.)

THERE was a loch so deep, so deep,
No man its bottom could e'er descry,
Its rockbound shores were sudden and steep,
Black was its water as ebony;
Great mountains glowered above its bed,
Great winds went howling over its face—
A weary water, a water of dread,
A dire, a damned, a devilsome place.

Divers went down, right hardy men.

"What saw you, divers? What did you see?"

"We shall not tell—nor see it again—

For all the money in Christiantie;

For caves were yonder of baleful night

And cracks hell-deep in the ocean floor,

And the dismal weed it clouded our sight,

And—what did we see?" And they said no more.

For in that loch was a Thing of Ill

That crawled and swam in the deep-sea gloom;

Old was the creature as Ygdrasil,

Big as Leviathan, dark as doom;

And some would give it a basilisk's head,

And some would give it a mermaid's tail,

And once in a while it was seen, they said,

And the best would blench and the boldest quail.

That was the story the old folks told

On winter evenings in Albyn's Glen—

Of the bottomless hell-hole, black and cold,

And the Monster hiving down in his den;

And men would shudder and women would weep

'Twixt fear and pride in the Thing Below . . .

Aye, that was the story—a tale to keep;

But have we kept it, my masters? No.

They call It "Nessie," they call It "She,"

They bandy Its name with impudent ease;

They have made It a household pleasantry

Like cake or kippers or chips or cheese;

The Myth of the Monster has come unstuck,

And It scares no more than an Iceland cod;

Or Rip van Winkle; or Donald Duck . . .

"Nessie"! I ask you. Ichabod. H. B.

Empties

"Skulls are people's heads when they've done with them."

Schoolboy's definition.



"Psst . . . ! Christmas morning parcel post staggered !"



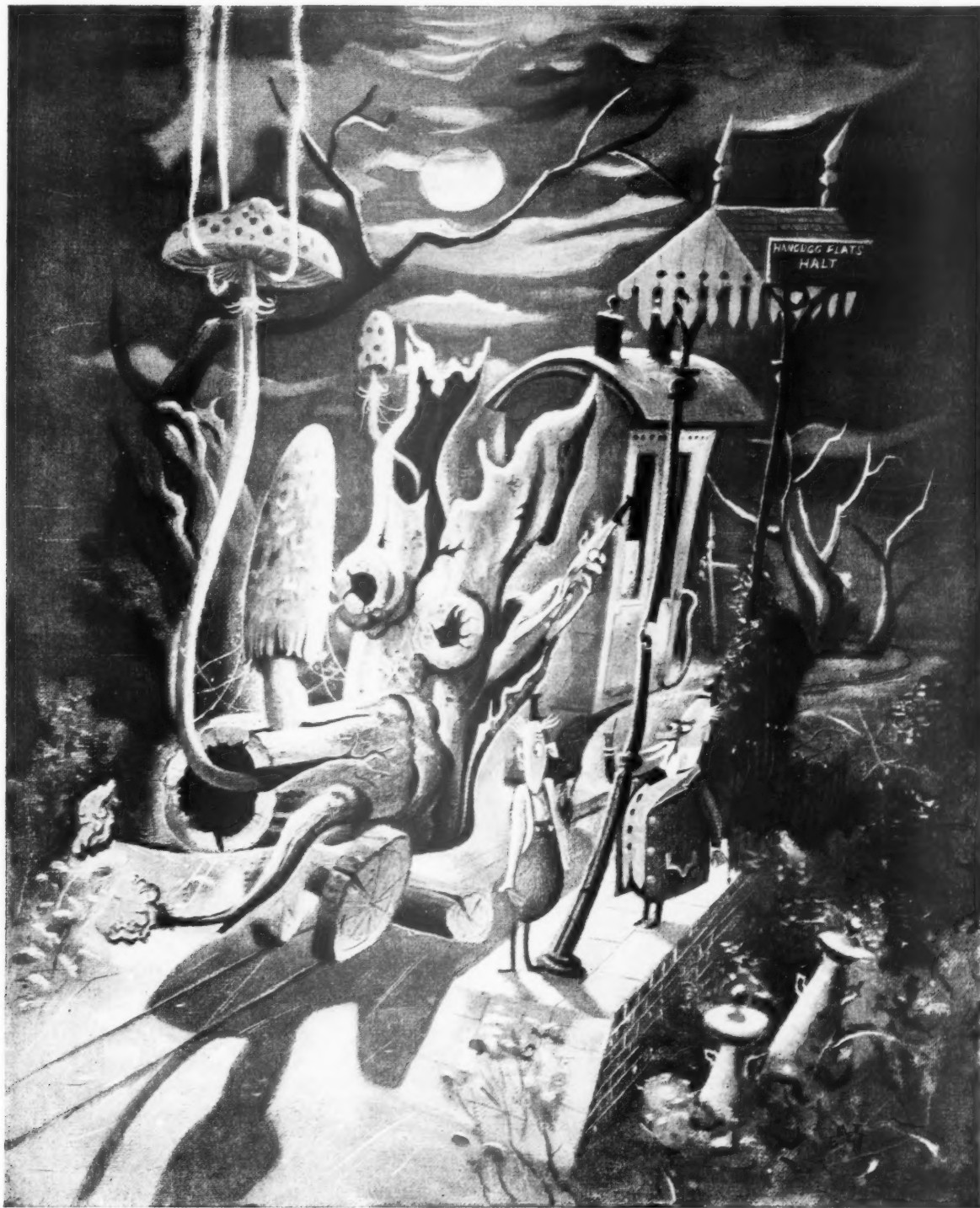
Time was when our boardings reflected the careless gaiety of a nation of shopkeepers—



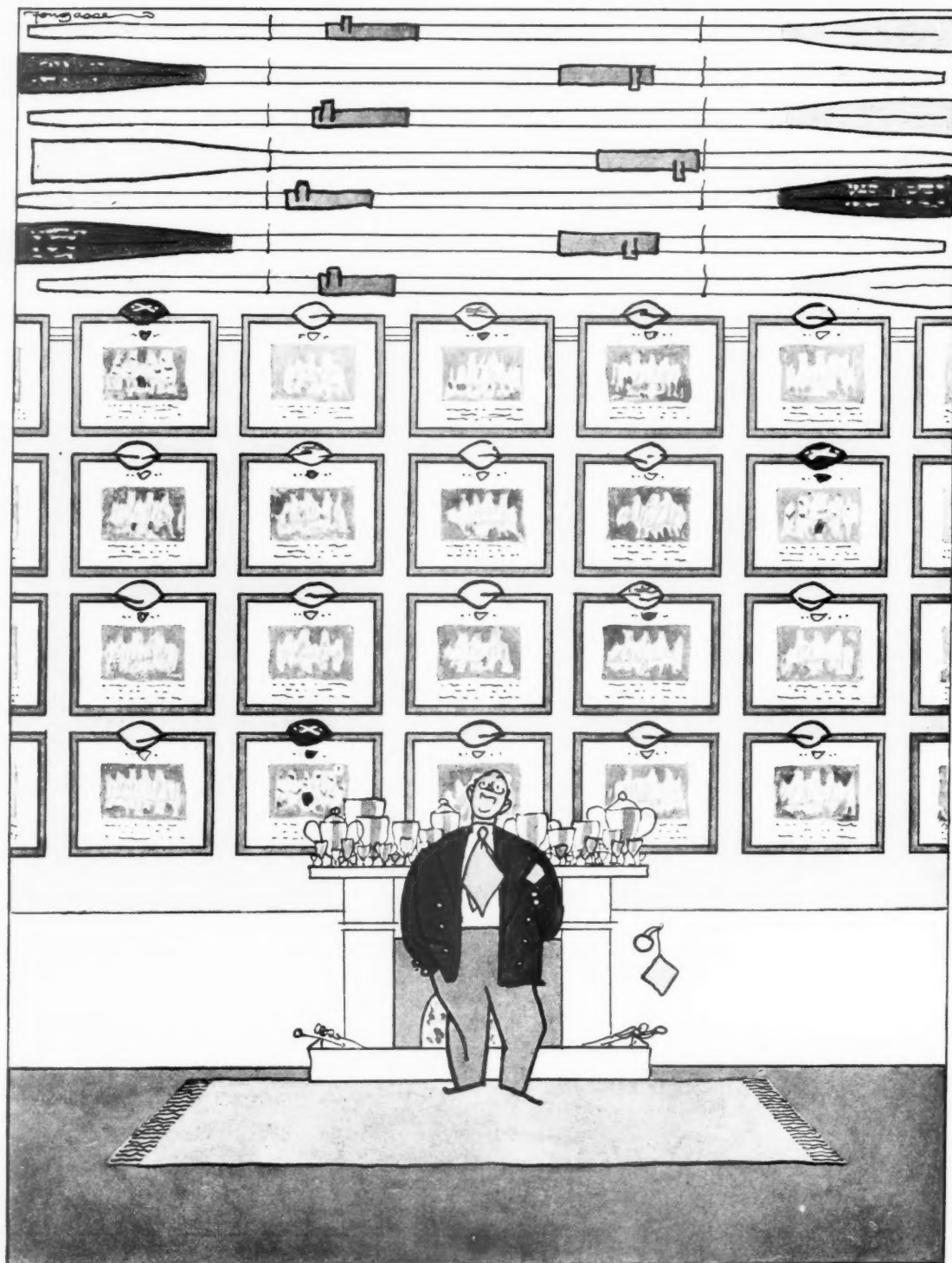
Whereas . . .



"I advise you to snap it up before the National Trust gets wind of it."



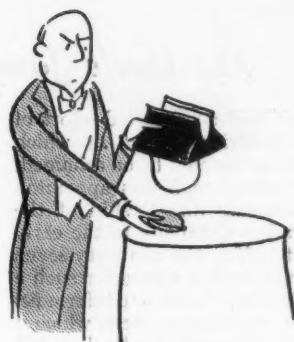
"I TOLD you never to take the 11.50 round by the Witch Hollow loop . . . !"



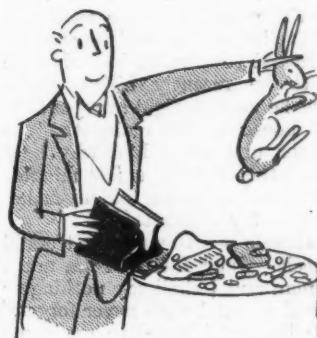
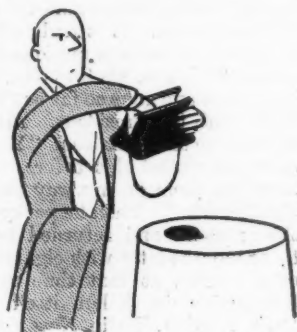
"Yes, I did row a little at one time—why, how did you discover that?"

October 27 1947

PUNCH ALMANACK FOR 1948



"And now, from this lady's handbag I will produce a"



William Sculley
... / !"

My Uncle Joseph and the Icuanhaha Bus Company

THROUGH a concerted effort of family string-pulling, of which he never seemed to be ashamed, my late Uncle Joseph was appointed to the managing directorship of the Icuanhaha Bus Company in the early summer of 1920. He was forty-seven at the time ("rather young for such a responsible post," he used to inform us) and, owing to circumstances which I should like to record briefly before I forget them altogether, retained his position for only one year.

In that year, I imagine, he aged greatly.

Icuanhaha was the capital town and chief trading centre of a small but cultured republic called El Muz, in the equatorial regions of South America. Anybody of less than adult age will remember El Muz. It was there that in 1904 Professor Stuhl, of Vienna, claimed to have discovered a very early kind of human being—his skeleton, I should say—and that in 1908 my distinguished father dug up several hundreds of such skeletons, placed there, it afterwards emerged, by Icuanhaha's sombrero-hatted white-duck-suited mayor and boss Juan Iberos.

Iberos was a man who aimed to put Icuanhaha on the map as a major cultural centre of the South American continent, drenched through and through with ancient Aztec legends, Inca ideology, and what-not else, but at the same time still keeping abreast with the times by taking a leaf out of the text-book of what might be called more progressive nations. Iberos wanted Icuanhaha to be a success, and after careful consideration had decided that what the town needed was publicity.

My father was an astute man, too. When he unearthed skeleton after skeleton of what his Indian assistants thought to be facsimiles of the genuine Stuhl Neanderthal man, but what he knew to be recently killed gorilla remains, he went straight away over to Iberos' house in the main street of Icuanhaha and asked him why he'd done it. Iberos, after a few minutes of acute embarrassment, told my father the truth. My father said:

"If there's one thing I can't stand it's deceit. Juan Iberos, I am not a harsh man and I shall say nothing to anyone else; but I shall never forget."

Then he sent his Indian assistants away and told them that he would be doing no more work that year. As a matter of fact he seemed to do very

little more work for the rest of his life except write long letters to Iberos round about the end of each month.

So I suppose one of these letters must have been about Uncle Joseph.

In the early summer of 1920, then, my Uncle Joseph arrived in Icuanhaha at the personal invitation of President Juan Iberos, of the Republic of El Muz, to take over the managing directorship of the Icuanhaha Motor Transport Company—which company, added the President's letter, would be known by its English title in honour of my uncle. My uncle was very flattered, he used to tell me: on the journey from Monte Carlo, where he was staying on business at the time he received the President's letter, he couldn't help wondering to himself what make of buses the company was running, how many they had and what the total carrying capacity would be—technical details of that nature. My Uncle Joseph himself admitted that up to that time he had rarely interested himself so much in automobile catalogues and lists of spare parts.

When he landed in South America his head was swimming with details. "I was agog," he used to say.

Iberos, grown rather stout but otherwise apparently as wide-awake as he was in my father's day, met Uncle Joseph in person at the station. They took to each other at once, volunteered my uncle. Work wasn't mentioned on that first day of course, and they spent the short equatorial evening sniping at monkeys from the

President's lawn with small-bore rifles. I gather my uncle was glad he had come.

Next morning at breakfast President Iberos said to Uncle Joseph: "I want you to go to Milan to buy buses to-day."

Uncle Joseph said that he nodded his head briefly at this reasonable request and went on with his meal. It was only afterwards, he said, that he fully grasped the fact that the President had meant *Milan* and that he, my uncle, was meant to go there and buy buses. If it hadn't been for the fact that he was anxious to make an impression on his first day, he said, he might have gone so far as to remonstrate with the President. All he said at the time to Iberos was: "You might have mentioned this before. I could have got them on my way back from Monte Carlo." Then he packed up his things again and returned less than three months later with eighteen buses of a pattern at that time extremely fashionable in Milan itself, Rome, Paris, London, Berlin, New York, etc., and for which the makers could give excellent references from all the municipalities of those cities.

When I say that my Uncle Joseph returned three months later I mean that he returned in the first instance to South America. At a large port on the northern coast he had the eighteen buses unloaded and started off in convoy for El Muz with a crew of half-cast drivers whom he enlisted off the docks. "Oddly enough," he told me afterwards, "they were really very good drivers."

"There wasn't a single hitch until we got to just before the frontier, where the road into El Muz climbs about five thousand feet." At this point my uncle used to chuckle. "The buses wouldn't go up," he said. "They just would not go up. We even went so far as to try to push them—useless, of course. You can't push a bus up a mountain. I must say the drivers were very cheerful about it, considering they hadn't yet received their pay."

What happened then was this: The government of the country which they were trying to leave kindly offered to take the buses "off my uncle's hands," as they put it. He was given a sum of money equivalent to about half of what he had paid in Milan and, putting himself and his luggage into an ox-cart, trundled slowly back to Icuanhaha. Juan Iberos was naturally angry and hinted that Uncle



IONICUS

Joseph had hidden the buses somewhere or, worse, had never bought them at all. If such was the case, argued Uncle Joseph, he would not have taken the trouble to return to El Muz. Grumblingly Iberos accepted this plausible excuse and instructed my uncle to do the best he could with horses and carts. Icuanhaha must have a bus company, he insisted.

For two days there was comparative peace while Iberos sulkily sniped at monkeys from his lawn, and my uncle, a poor bargainer at any time, he admits, managed to acquire thirty tired and possibly diseased horses for the money given to him in return for the eighteen Milan buses. On the third day the Republic of El Muz ceased to exist.

At about half-past two on the third day my uncle was in the post office of the capital buying stamps so that he could write home to my father and tell him about his work in El Muz, when abruptly eighteen motor-buses ("I saw at once that they were the ones. I bought in Milan," said Uncle Joseph) swept into the main street of Icuanhaha and disgorged a battalion or so of neatly dressed soldiers and their

officers, who effected a quiet *coup d'état*. "Everything went very smoothly," is how Uncle Joseph put it. One or two people, disturbed by the sound of the bus engines, came out into the street to watch, and a small Indian child asked one of the soldiers for chocolate, which he got. Iberos, concentrating on a particularly difficult shot at a grey-coated monkey dangling over his summer-house, was arrested and led off to gaol but allowed to keep his shot-gun. The troops occupied the Government buildings, and that was that. Yes, very smooth, emphasized Uncle Joseph. At the time, he said, he felt a little sorry for Iberos, but his chief source of annoyance sprang from the fact that those half-caste drivers had obviously fooled him about the possibility of getting the Milan-built buses up the mountain. He began to realize that his study of those technical books on the voyage over from Monte Carlo had not perhaps been quite thorough enough. . . .

At this point in his story my Uncle Joseph used to put on a very cunning expression. "They brought those buses to Icuanhaha, but they didn't mean them to stay—not a bit of it. I

saw that in a trice. Directly the revolution or *coup d'état*, or whatever it was, had finished they intended to take them back to their own capital—Magdalena, I think it was called. I recognized one of the half-caste drivers and he told me so himself."

My uncle's voice would become dreamy.

"I arranged that they should stay," he would murmur.

To this bait old ladies or young children, or both, always reacted satisfactorily. No sooner was their inevitable question asked than old ladies would feel the touch of Uncle Joseph's hand on their arm, young children the kindly drumming of his fingers on their head, as he replied:

"You can't go far without brake-drums when you live on the top of a mountain, my dear."

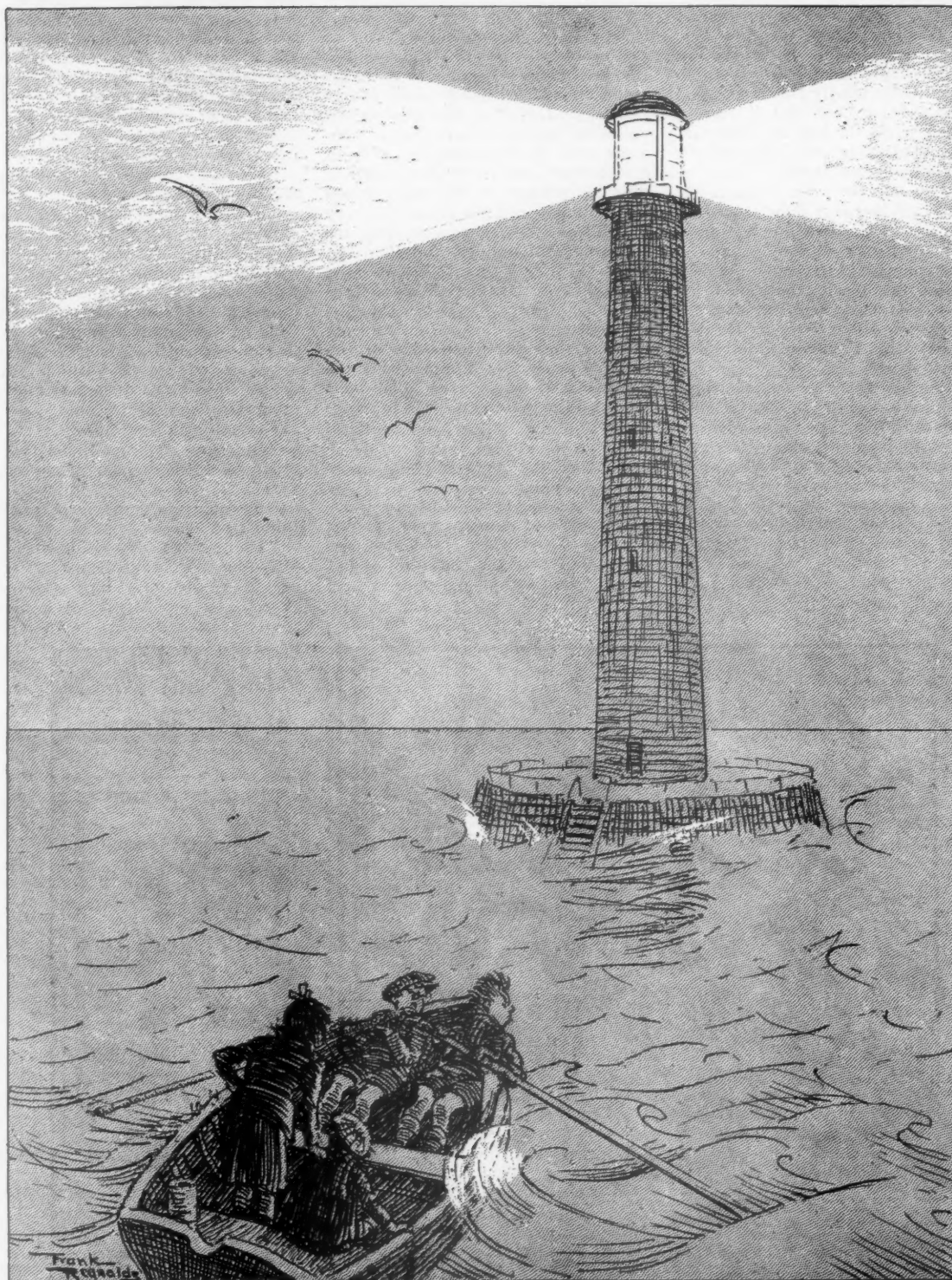
Uncle Joseph sighed.

"Of course they made me send to Milan for replacements. That took a year."

He would stand as if plunged in thought.

"The service slowed down a lot after the new brake-drums arrived," said Uncle Joseph. "So I resigned."





"Wot if 'e don't like carol-singing?"

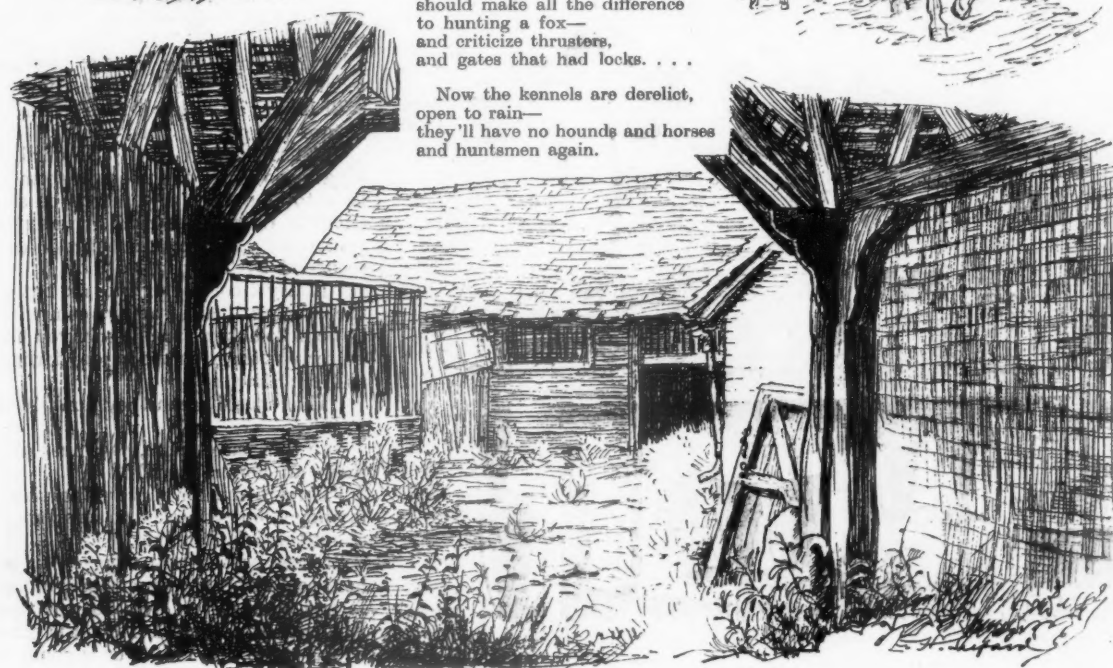
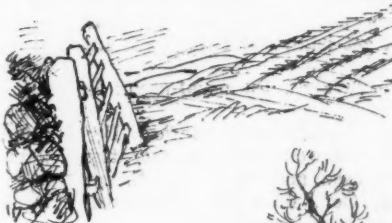
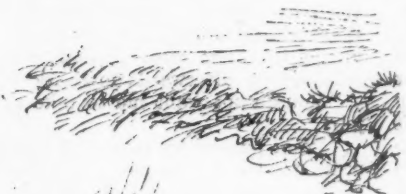
The Old Kennels

THERE'S hemlock and grass
and feathery fennel,
snappedragons, weeds,
in the yard of the kennels;
the bars are all twisted,
the causeway's uprooted,
and nobody stamps there,
pink-coated and booted.
There are gaps in the tiles
and holes in the slates,
and, front door and back door,
there aren't any gates—
there's nothing alive
but rabbits and moles
and even the rats
have found better holes.
At night there is silence:
nor whimper nor whinny
echoing back
from the hill to the spinney. . .

I remember the days
when the kennels were full
and, when ploughing started,
and the crow and the gull
screamed over the furrows,
the kennels were dizzy
with the huntsman bustling,
and stable-boys busy—
when cubbing was done
with autumn's late heat,
there was colour and pomp
at the opening meet.

It was more to us children
than going to Rome,
to call at the kennels
when jogging-on home;
to see the hounds fed
and the suppering-up—
it beat the gymkhana
and winning a cup!
And the huntsman would tell us
what happened that day:
each cast, every check,
why the screech of a jay
should make all the difference
to hunting a fox—
and criticize thrusters,
and gates that had locks. . .

Now the kennels are derelict,
open to rain—
they'll have no hounds and horses
and huntsmen again.



Quite on the Cards

"IN any case, darling, I don't understand why any secretary should be called honourable."

"Honorary, my sweet. An entirely different thing."

"What is the difference?"

"Hon. means that you don't get paid for it."

"Then what is the idea of doing all this extra work in the evening? Isn't it enough to be an 'all-but-honorary' bank clerk by day? I suppose I am an honorary wife, if it comes to that. I don't get paid, and I don't get any title."

"Ever-loving is the usual prefix for wives, sweet."

"And 'genial' for secretaries. Perhaps the club would make an exception in your case and allow you to call yourself 'Gen.' on the fixture-cards."

"I'm sorry you feel so vexed about this, angel. And I am rather surprised. We met at Rugger. You always watch the games. You like coming to the dances. You can't want me to give it all up and get old suddenly?"

"I always agreed with your *playing* Rugger, dear, and while I could come and watch you it was fun. It will not be fun watching you being an hon. sec., especially as they are never half as genial at home as they pretend to be at annual dinners. If you must spend every evening making out cards and writing up minutes while I sit by, not disturbing you but patiently taking telephone messages which you won't understand because I have got the names wrong, then the least you can do is to get *paid* for it. Instead you will be short of exercise, and therefore

livery, and we shall have a perfectly colossal telephone bill."

"Do not be alarmed, darling. The secretary is allowed an honorarium."

"Something to play tunes on?"

"It is a sum to cover expenses."

"Oh! So you *do* get paid?"

"I get back what I pay out."

"Then if you *don't* get paid it's honorary, and if you *do* it's an honorarium. How typical of men! What hypocrisy! And so ridiculous! What *should* be on the cards, then, is you as Hon. Sec. with another 'Hon.' immediately afterwards in brackets."

"You do not want me to take this job?"

"What puzzles me is why, if you so want to be a gen. sec., you don't arrange to be one at a night club, and highly paid at that. That would be some use, especially if every time I came I could say I was the wife of the secretary, and every one would scurry round and serve me quick without presenting a bill. But as the wife of this hon. sec. I shall never go out on Fridays, because everyone will be ringing you up to cry off. In January all your matches will be scratched at the last minute, which is nearly as bad as everyone ringing up all the week to know if it is scratched. On Mondays you will have a selection committee; and on Tuesdays and Thursdays there will be training. Be honest with me. Is it that nobody else would do the job, and so they planted it on you? Does it please your vanity just the teeniest bit to wield a little power? Will it do you any good in business? Or are you getting tired of me?"

"I have taken the job, darling, because so many of the chaps seem so keen to be able to ring you up on any excuse. Indeed, the motion was proposed by Rodney Bathurst, and seconded by Tony Hale."

"If they are going to take me out on the evenings when you are compelled to be in to answer the phone, you had better put them on the cards, darling, as Hon. Stooges."

"That would mean they don't have to pay."

"In that case, sweet, you must give them an honorarium."

"Forgive me for raising the point, my angel, but you seem to know more about this job than I do."

"Sweetheart, I was engaged to an hon. sec. before you ever came along. It was because you were *not* one that I married you instead. Now it is quite on the cards that one of us is going to make the same mistake all over again."



"Perhaps it's some woman."



"And this, children, is the identical bowl that grandma always used."

Why is it that when women—



go to—



such extremes—



to get—



sheer, fully fashioned—

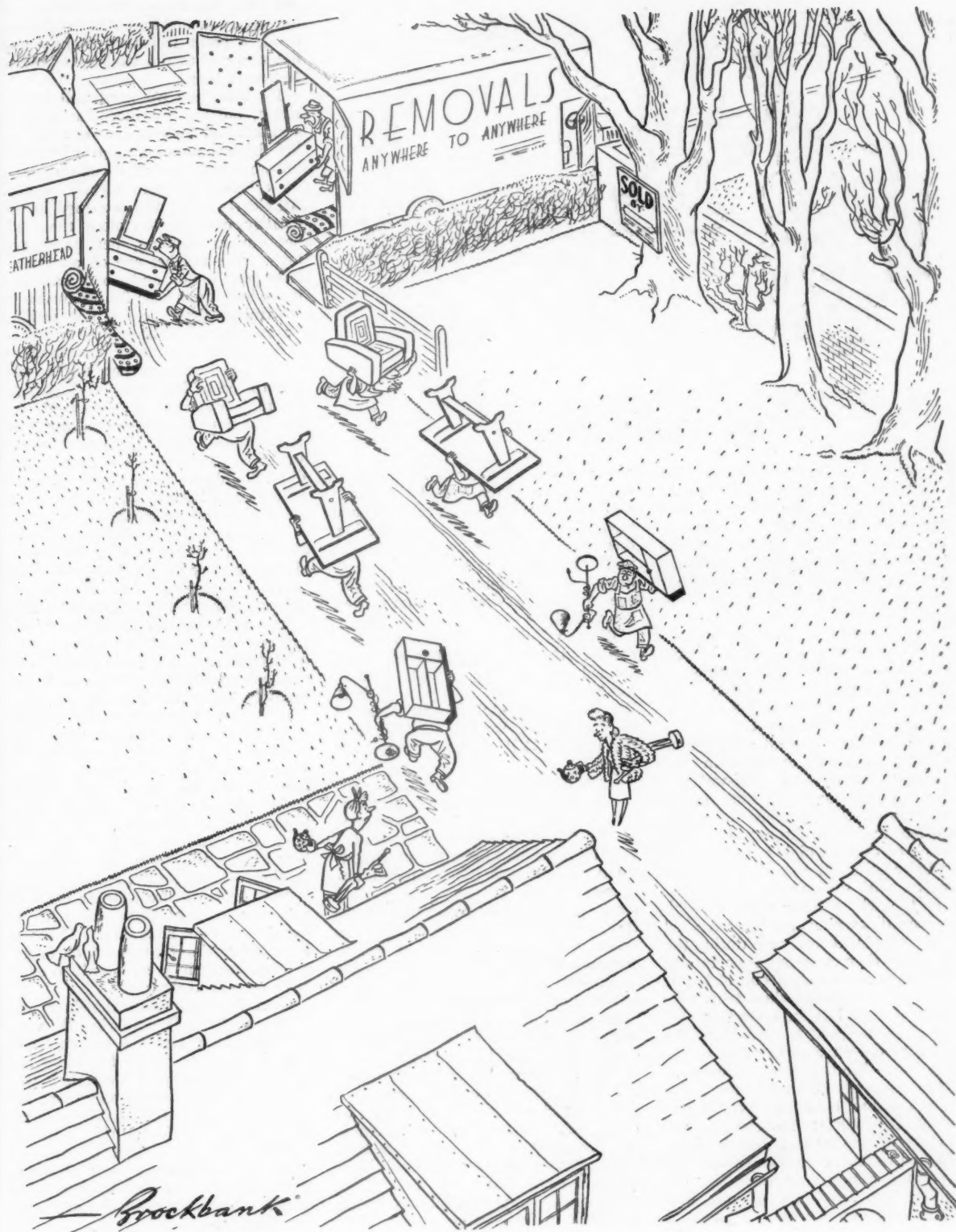


nylons—



Cedric Rogers

they are so pleased if you think they are not wearing any?





My Finest Hour

IT will be many years before the arrival of autumn will cease to remind us of the triumphs and failures of the Battle of Britain. Having looked back on it from an international and then a national point of view, we are liable to turn our minds to our own parts in the mass effort.

I often reflect on my own day—or rather night—of glory, and I always find particular satisfaction in recounting it to anyone who will listen. The price I have to pay for this is to listen to a similar account myself.

Actually I had to wait a long time for my particular moment in our country's history. I fire-watched laboriously through the blitz in an area where nothing happened. I fire-watched dutifully through the long stretch of raidless nights and on into the baby blitz. It was all pretty uneventful, with the one exception of the night the whole team slept through the second warning, having refreshed itself with blackberry wine during the first. And then came our opportunity.

We were all having a cup of tea at our captain's house when there was a sudden noise like someone throwing very large stones at the window. We put down our cups and rushed to the front door. We had some difficulty in getting through it, as the door of a modern house does not permit the exit of six people at one moment. We had our helmets and our whistles attached to our persons and there was a stirrup pump somewhere in the garden, but the bulk of our fire-fighting equipment was in a garage a

few houses down the road. There was some rather bitter talk later which suggested that the fire-watchers should have been there too. Considering, however, that the garage caught fire in the first drop of bombs, the team itself was of the opinion that its preference for a warm drawing-room was an act of God.

When we finally got out into the garden the whole suburban road seemed to be alight with flaming torches, and very pretty it looked. We then fortunately forgot most of the instructions we had received from the local A.R.P. authorities and set to work.

I can remember being trained in the use of a stirrup pump, with positions One, Two and Three, and a metronomic system for its operation. This looked very impressive at fire-fighting demonstrations, but was inhuman and unnecessary. Our stirrup pump worked most effectively with position One-two-three, with someone bringing up some water now and then and with no system whatever. It was a pity the pump itself proved to be unnecessary, but when one lady totally forgot her instructions and hurled the entire contents of a bucket of water on an incendiary bomb and it went out like a match we rather scorned the pump in favour of the hurling method.

Having cleared ourselves a path to the road, I experienced a magnificent moment of revelation. At last, after nearly four years, I could blow my whistle. I blew it, and in a few moments my whistle was joined by other whistles and we all blew

fervently. Our detractors later pointed out that the noise of the bombs had already awakened the entire neighbourhood, a point which apparently had not occurred to the Ministry of Home Defence either.

By this time we were well in our stride, putting out incendiaries right and left and blowing between bombs. We fire-watchers were joined by other fire-watchers, by A.R.P. officials, and by others who were merely people. An elderly lady, well esteemed in the locality, came hastily along the road, her curlers bobbing, her patriotism high. She had her eye on a particularly good bomb, and would have got it too had it not been for her husband. He trailed along behind her, wailing "Cora! Cora!" at breathless intervals. Cora padded on, muttering something about not bothering her now as she had to see to Mrs. Peabody's garage. "Cora," protested her husband, for the first time in his life achieving stentorian tones, "OUR OWN SHED IS ON FIRE!" "Can't sto—" began Cora, did a double take and added "Oh, I'd better come back then," retracing her steps with greater speed.

My own parents rushed grandly into the mêlée, leaving two bombs unconsidered in their own back garden. This was not so much selflessness as forgetfulness. They simply did not look.

The next quarter of an hour was pretty routine. I found a house with a burning bed and joined a small clot of people who were shouting encouragement to the bed's owner as he threw his bedding out of the window. This was later considered a very gay incident in the night's events, but I, being on duty, had to pass on and find my captain. This gave me an opportunity to see the interior of a house I had never been inside and have a pleasant reunion in the cupboard under the stairs with someone's brother whom I hadn't seen for years.

Then a fellow fire-watcher came in and reported that there was a fire in the dining-room next door. This was more interesting than an almost extinguished bomb in a cupboard, so most of us went next door.

Next door was really the showpiece of the night. The floorboards were burning nicely and the entrance-hall was lit by a beautiful flickering red light. The owner of the house was dispensing buckets of water from the kitchen in exactly the manner in which she dispensed coffee at the Y.M.C.A. I have nothing against her, and I cannot account for the glee with which I chanted an insincere apology as I shot a couple of gallons of water over the Axminster.

And then my great moment arrived. Through the open front door into the inferno which had been a neat suburban hall there suddenly appeared the seventh member of our fire-watching team. Mrs. Friend had always had the haziest notions about her fire-watching duties. If she turned up at all it was wearing a pale green satin housecoat and her helmet. She was occasionally accompanied by a petulant schoolboy son, and she invariably spent the time sipping tea with the captain's wife while the rest of us patrolled the road. To-night she had not turned up at all.

Now she had arrived, wearing her usual costume, holding up her skirts and followed by the sixteen-year-old Dick. She explained that she had not been able to come before owing to the fact that incendiary bombs had fallen, an explanation that was never fathomed by the rest of us. She then fell into an argument with her child, she insisting that he should go home, he refusing to go home unless she went with him. The rest of us worked on.

Suddenly every inhibition fell away from me as I looked up from my damping operations and clearly and concisely told Dick to get himself a bucket and get to work. I remember the reproachful look his mother gave me as she pointed out that he had no helmet, and my own incredible politeness as I offered him mine. I remember my exhilaration as without a word Dick turned and disappeared and was later seen carrying water with the others in the road. My elation rises again as I recall the looks of admiration that my team cast upon me before we turned back to the floorboards. My moment had come and passed, but I, at least, shall never forget it.

Head by Henry Moore

(Wakefield City Art Gallery.)

I LOOKED upon his long-forgotten face
whose name was Ozymandias,
King of Kings;
I heard the voice of Hector,
and shall hear
the strange-tongued song
the youngest poet sings
five thousand years from now.

I have no name,
and countless names.

No alien, I am dear
as home, although no country, time,
or race
is mine.

I have known suffering,
and know love.

I am as ruthless as the growing
leaf,
wise as the serpent,
fonder than the dove.

Not Montezuma, plumed and panoplied
cutting his victim's heart out
with a knife
of blunt obsidian
could be crueller
than I,
who am all pity personified.

Look on my face,
O loiterer,
alone

or with your lover:
if you find me strange
at the first glance, have patience.

I am quiet,
and the heart's tranquil peace.
I do not change
who am so changeable.
I, being deaf, can hear,
and I can see although my eyes are
blind.

Subtle, believe me that I have no
guile:

I know what made
La Gioconda smile:

I made my maker.

I am womankind.

R. C. S.



"No, I don't think it CAN be a British picture."



"This year I'm giving everyone coal."



"Your tiny band is frozen!"



"Can I have next year off, sir? Grandma's won a football pool."

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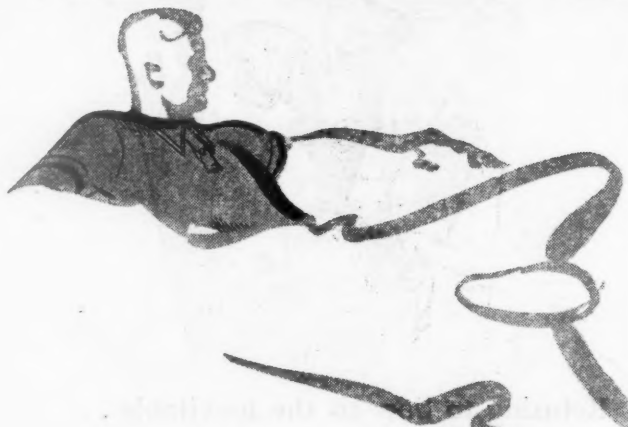


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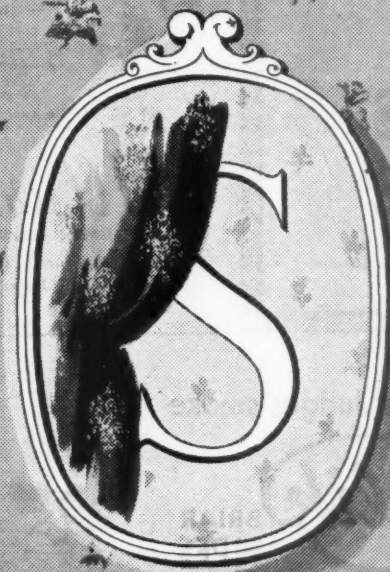
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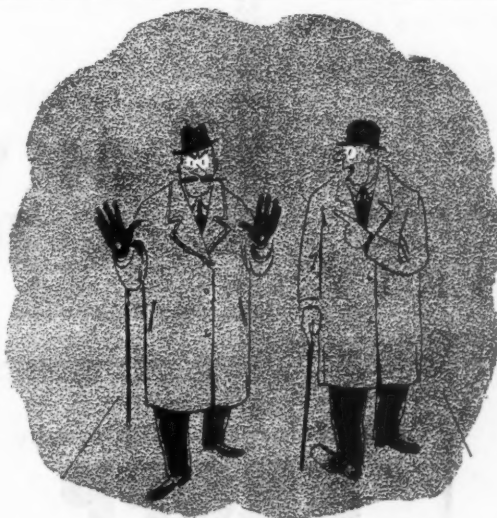
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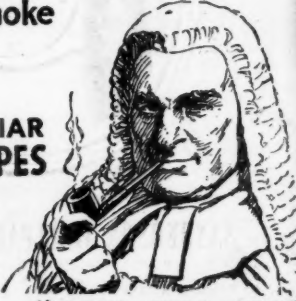
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There is no generally accepted answer to the question: "What is Sleep?" Yet we spend, on the average, one-third of our life in bed. And, if we are starved of sleep, we quickly get below par.

So sleep remains a mystery, though our health depends upon it. Yet some facts are known about sleep. We know, for instance, that the whole body does not sleep at once, for we brush away a fly without waking! We know, too, that *deep* sleep is more valuable than *long* sleep. That is why Horlicks is such a boon at bedtime. It promotes the deep refreshing sleep we need for renewed vitality next day.

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For custard that
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Keep
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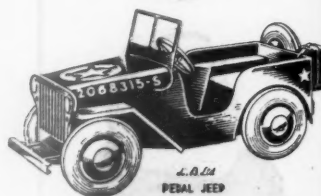
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RUNBAKEN MANCHESTER 1

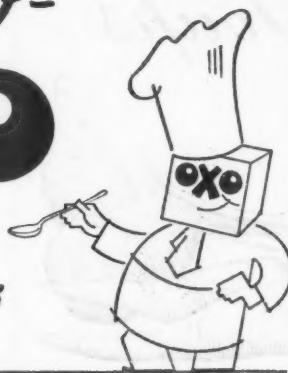
THE OXO-ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Flavour, (*n. & v.t.*) mingled
sensations of smell and taste. Hence
FLAVOURSOME, (*a.*) that which is rendered
distinctive, in smell and taste, with
characteristic quality of OXO . . .

in brief—

OXO

**FOR
TASTY DISHES**



"My
headache's
gone . . .



**I took
GENASPRIN"**

'Genasprin'—the safe brand
of aspirin—quickly checks
Headaches, Toothache, Nerve
and Rheumatic pains, Colds
and 'Flu. At any time of
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**LIGHT AS A
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giving caressing warmth without
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SPILLERS
SHAPES**

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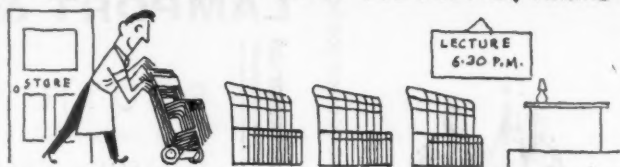
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Model R1/6

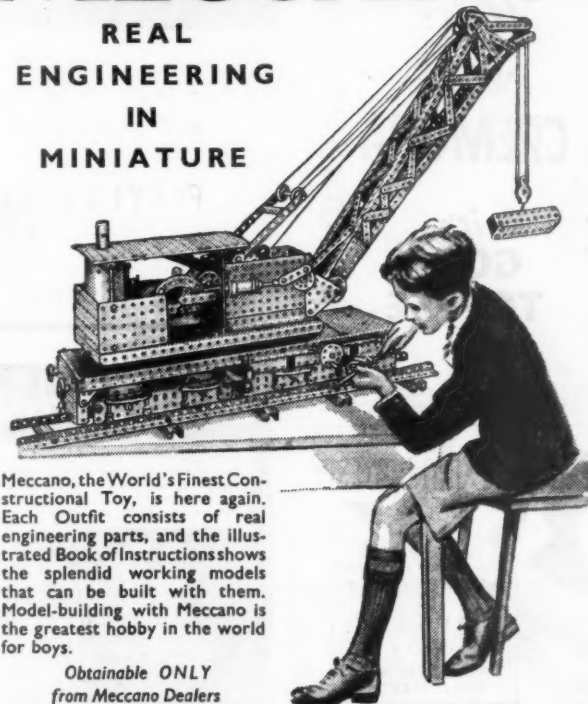


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deep-cut of purest crystal. These are
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*Talc, superbly perfumed
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Goya

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MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.



The artist here illustrates the kind of charming nightwear that can be made from 'Dayella' purchased by the yard. We regret that we are not, at present, permitted to include Pyjamas in our range of 'Dayella' children's ready-made garments.

Today's 'Dayella' Day

*Virginia Jane is most happy to state
That today she's engaged for a wonderful date,
A party affair
And she will be there
In her very best frock—such an elegant dress,
It's 'Dayella'—oh, yes,
The party will be a tremendous success.*

*Virginia Jane is delighted to say
That her frock will be colourful, dainty, and gay,
It has laundered so well
That no-one could tell
That it isn't quite new, that she's worn it before,
No, indeed; what is more
It looks just as it did when it came from the store.*

*Virginia Jane is enchanted to learn
(From Mummy) that one day there'll surely return
A fabric that will
Be more marvellous still
And 'Viyella' it's called; it is quite beyond praise
It's a joy, Mummy says,
What a thrill to look forward to, one of these days...*



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This car has everything : comfort, style, performance, the famous Austin dependability, and an imposing list of inbuilt equipment. Here are some of the striking features that make it Britain's most talked-about new six-seater. Why not discuss them with your dealer?

New 110 b.h.p. high-compression six-cylinder o.h.v. engine — Independent front suspension — Four-speed synchromesh gearbox controlled from steering column — Flat floor at back — Concealed door hinges — Walnut fascia panel with built-in radio

— Interior heating, ventilation, defrosting and demisting — Large luggage boot — Fitted suitcases extra — Separate spare-wheel housing — Power-operated hydraulic jack for all wheels — P.100 dip and switch headlamps — Twin fog lamps.

SHEERLINE '110' Saloon as illustrated above £999 plus £278. 5. 0. Purchase Tax, also available as the PRINCESS '120' Sports Saloon, with individually built coachwork by Vanden Plas, and a more powerful engine, £1,350 plus £751. 10. 0. Purchase Tax.

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